TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Once when I started a paper which was intended to change the political surface of the earth, I made elective county officers one of the chief planks in my ample platform. I have never felt ashamed of that wild charge I made while all my little world wondered as to exactly what I was driving at, but I am still in hopes I set people thinking of the absurdity of endowing men with municipal offices which are to be held by them "for life or good behavior." In these instances "life" ordinarily means forever, as far as the memory of man is concerned, and "good behavior" to cover everything which is not a penitentiary offence. Having struggled for several years to demonstrate that a public office cannot be the private property of an individual, I watch with considerable interest the development of public opinion on this point which had long been considered an immaterial thing. I must confess that I see with pleasure such demonstrations as that made in behalf of Registrar-of-York Ridout. His claim for fifteen hundred dollars' compensation because he shall no longer register the deeds of Parkdale is a piece of hammered, polished and antique brass which would make people laugh and kick at the same time were it not the habit in this otherwise well-governed country to imagine that if a man once gets hold of a good thing it is a shame to take it away from him, even though the public good demands a separation of his ruby lips from the contents of the public trough.

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In the first place, Mr. Ridout—who is no doubt an estimable man, who has not been rendered less so by the fact that he is traveling in a mighty sight greater luck than those who have paid him fees—was appointed to the office of Registrar, not by public vote or the general demand of the citizens, whose servant he is. In the next place, there was no guarantee that his salary should be a certain amount. Further, it is a fact that he has been getting, and even after the annexation of Parkdale to Toronto will continue to get, a great deal more than his services are worth, and if he resigned, the political hacks would trample one another to death in a desperate effort to grasp the situation he had abandoned. Then again, if Toronto paid him fifteen hundred dollars or fifteen cents to abandon his claim to the ownership of that section of the earth known as Parkdale, and which is about to be incorporated in Toronto, would the Registrar of this city, whose fees would be increased by the adoption of the territory, be inclined to furnish the funds? That sums of this kind have been paid has furnished a vicious precedent, but this is an appropriate time to inquire if in any instance the life official who has been the gainer by an increase of fees has ever been the one to pay the bill. There is more money in being Registrar of Toronto than in being Lieutenant-Governor of the Province when we consider that the latter has to give up some of his income in feeding the globe-trotters and ambitious society people. I am a Canadian and do not like Yankee innovations any better than other people, but I feel privileged to object to the Canadian hog, and the life official is "one of them same."

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The close of last week was signalized by the annual *fete* of the sons of St. Andrew. I imagine these old country societies exert too great influence in Canada, and while they enable those of Old Country birth to organize themselves socially they tend to keep the nationalities apart and make them exclusive and un-Canadian. The writers for the press, however, have talked this thing tired, and there seems to be no indication of a Canadian movement that will overshadow these organizations which assume that it is a more proper thing to be an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Irishman, Welshman, Frenchman or Italian than to be a Canadian. I hope to goodness when we do get a Canadian society it won't wear the name of a saint, because we would have to import him, and that would at once prove us to be a base imitation. Of course we might canonize Tecumseh or Joe Brant, but their records are too recent to make them satisfactory candidates for saintship. Even the name of our idolized Sir John, when he has gone to the realms of which he once spake as a convenient point of view from which to look down on the Canadian Pacific railway, would make the most melancholy people giggle if it had "St." before it. If the impulse existed for a Canadian society it would not be hard to find a name, but lacking the desire the suggestion has fallen flat year after year. Somebody will yet immortalize himself by devoting himself to the organization of a Canadian national society.

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Talking about St. Andrew's ball suggests the conspicuous prudery of the ladies who refused to attend because of the rumor that Mrs. Langtry had been invited by somebody who was probably much more anxious to have her there as a curiosity-exciting freak than because they cared a picayune for her good looks or her ability as an actress. Possibly these invincibly good people desired to show the rising generation that the married lady who can flirt with the Prince of Wales and still be received into society, if she endures the attentions of a Freddy Gebhardt must be expelled. Probably Mrs. Langtry's goodness is not 18 karats fine, and it is even possible that she is no better a woman than she is an actress, which is not bragging about her much, but ladies who go to a ball attended by hundreds selected chiefly on the basis of the geographical location of their birthplace rather than by what they have done since being born, cannot expect to have the air uncontaminated by the breath of those who have been scandalized. However, it is well that our matrons should place the social standard a few degrees higher than the average thermometer ever reaches as a warning to the young people not to become Langtrys. Possibly the young wives, if such women were encouraged, would all forsake their husbands who did not support them in superfine style and go on the stage, though there is no attractive stage hereabouts except the one running to Thornhill. There is nothing more conducive to happiness and freedom from the worries of conscience than the establishing of a lofty standard for other people. While we are upholding this with all our might we feel that less is expected of us than if we show undue liberality. We are really doing our share, more or less, if we insist on other people being real nice, whether we are or not. In this I don't intend to suggest that the ladies who stayed away are no better than Mrs. Langtry. I believe they are very much better and that most of them would make just about as good an actress as she is, but if they are otherwise willing to attend what is only a well-managed public ball they must not draw the line too fine. And if they believe in the most rigid usages and are the strictest of their sect, let them stay away from such public dances altogether, because at best they are not the best, no matter what care is exercised in their management and the vigilance of those most worthy gentlemen who have charge of them. For my part they are good enough for me, for I don't "dawnce" and never go to balls, but they are evidently not quite good enough for those of whom I write, even though at a public ball they are not obliged to dance or be in the same set with strangers or objectionable people.

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Next Wednesday the city census will be taken, and it is to be hoped the citizens will furnish exact information to the enumerators. When the assessors make inquiries the fear that taxes will be increased frequently leads to the concealment of the number of people inhabiting a house. The purpose of the present enumeration is to obviate this tendency, and people may feel assured that the information gained will be for the use of the census committee only and will not be handed to any other department.

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For some reason or other it is generally supposed the medical students are a wild harum-scarum lot of fellows who neither fear God nor regard men. Though this belief has been prevalent for many years, the Rev. G. I. Taylor of the new St. Augustine church in the east end is the first to make an effort to improve their spiritual condition. He has established a Students' Sunday, when it is hoped that the boys will attend church and hear something which will do them good. This praiseworthy effort was no doubt suggested by the kindness which has been shown the Rev. Mr. Taylor by the large number of physicians in his parish who have contributed generously to the building fund of the church and have quietly assisted him in his work. This work has indeed been a good one, but so unostentatious is the Rev. Mr. Taylor that the physicians who visit the homes where the rector of St. Augustine's has been laboring among the poor, know much more of it than outsiders. Next to the minister himself in opportunities for doing good is the Christian physician, but of his charities and mission work the world hears little.

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In a letter written for the public press by Prof. Goldwin Smith he criticizes the Hon. Edward Blake for accepting a retainer from "the cause of iniquity." Goldwin Smith has always been above the charge of being influenced by money and though his affluence may seem to make this virtue easy it is none the less a virtue when we see other rich men using their best powers to increase their hoard by questionable means, and we should respect the virtue rather than question the motive or absence of temptation. I think Mr. Blake by the acceptance of the C. P. R. retainer has tarnished the halo which even his enemies always saw about his head, but it does not follow that he is inconsistent. In parliament he held that the Canadian Pacific Railway controlled our administration, and were insisting on legislation detrimental to the country, and were receiving privileges dangerous to our rights and liberties. The statutes upon which he now bases his arguments in favor of the C. P. R., are, I believe, those he opposed when they were introduced into parliament. He is now but demonstrating in the courts the points he raised in parliament, but the bubble reputation is easily broken, and to the people he will seem recreant to his trust. The appearance of evil is almost as serious as wrong-doing itself. It is not that which is true, but that which the people believe or can be made to believe is true, which affects private opinion or public action. As leader, Mr. Blake was always the lawyer. He is so still and would apparently prefer to prove his legal position rather than pose as a patriot. Moreover he was always unfortunate in approaching the people in some grotesque position which left him open to sneers if not suspicion. The fact that he did not understand human nature as leader is enough to explain his conduct now. The whole of Canada believed him honest then and does still, though with the qualifying clause, then as now, that he was seeking his own advancement rather than doing right with a high ideal and preferring righteousness to office and justice to personal profit.

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"Are the churches growing out of touch with the masses?" was discussed this week by the Presbyterian Conference. Do we need any better symptom of the fear that such is the case than the introduction of a theme like this into a religious body? I share in the feeling that the churches are losing their hold upon the masses; but I don't believe that the masses are losing their hold on religion. I think that rented pews, churches opened only three or four hours during one day of the seven, clergymen who live in fine houses and assert themselves as the rulers rather than the loving teachers of the people, are losing their hold upon popular sympathy. The word religion is but little understood. If I remember rightly it is used but once in the Bible, and is a definition: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world." Now this sort of religion is not losing its hold, but the masses are beginning to demand more frequent exhibitions of it.

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What is losing its hold upon the masses is formalism. They are beginning to see that going to church twice on Sunday and to prayer or class-meeting once during the week, the subscribing a certain amount towards the support of the preacher and the giving of a dollar or two to the missionary fund under the pressure of an eloquent dun from the pulpit is but a small part of religion. I believe that going to church is necessary to a religious life but certainly it is not religious life. We are told "not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together," and are also informed that in olden times they "met together to break bread" to commemorate the death of the Saviour. We are nowhere told that people met together to hear sermons on municipal politics, Robert Elsmere, evolution, the Lost Twelve Tribes or whether St. Andrew or St. Patrick first began to Christianize the British Islands. These things are all right enough in their place. People would soon become dissatisfied if there were neither intellectuality or spirituality in the sermons, but they very quickly become disgusted if there is no liberality either in the address from the pulpit or in the conduct of those in the pews. Rev. Mr. Jackson says a preacher needs the "finished logic of a Paul, the polished and elegant style of an Apollos and the oratorical ability of a Demosthenes." What about the love, earnestness and self-sacrifice which was once thought necessary in a preacher? Gentle brethren, what do you preach? Is it the gospel "which is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth," or do you give it to us disguised in a rhetorical emulsion which, like that prepared of codliver oil, is warranted not to taste of the original article? Do you think that the message itself is not sufficiently attractive without laboring to tickle the ears of the hearer with new fancies? If the old-fashioned gospel is good enough why don't you preach it? Is it because you think it has lost its hold on the masses and you want to hang on even after the gospel has quit? Read one another's sermons as they are sometimes printed in the newspapers, read your own religious journals and see what they talk about and let me ask you this serious question, "Is religion losing its hold on the preachers?"

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I thoroughly believe in the purifying and uplifting influence of religion on the masses. The great trouble is that they find it almost as hard to find religion as to find bread. The rapacious combines and trusts, the growth of monopolies, perfection of machinery, the division of labor which makes the skill of the artisan merely an adjunct to mechanical contrivances, make it almost impossible for them to be self-supporting as in the past decades. The shoemaker now, instead of making a shoe, is perhaps only skilled in pegging on the sole or sewing the upper. Combines and trusts, monopolies and specialties have introduced themselves into the churches. If a man cannot rent a pew he would feel more comfortable outside sitting on the steps than in the atmosphere of some of the close corporations or fashionable religio-social clubs which call themselves churches. In fact, to use a market term, he has been "frozen out," no matter what Mr. Jackson says about such an assertion being "twaddle." True, salvation is free; so is the air and the water, but man cannot find any enjoyment in the air and the water, unless he gets a little something to eat, and a man does not seek salvation or enjoy it long if he is shut out from the bread of human sympathy and the help of his brethren.

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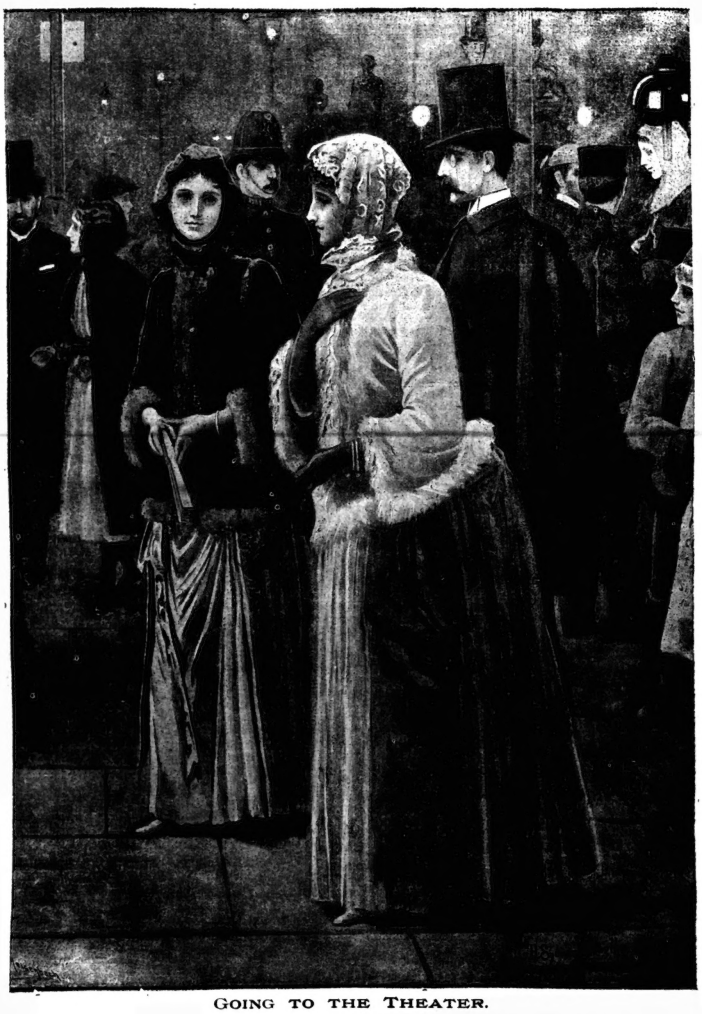
Because so many men are poor, yea starving, do you imagine that bread is losing its hold upon the masses and that they prefer to be without it? Because so many stay away from church and are careless, is it any sign that religion is losing its hold upon them? One is just as necessary to the life of a man as the other. There is as much craving within him for one as for the other. The drunkard sometimes loses his appetite for food through his dipsomanic love for drink; the human heart sometimes becomes drunken with the excitement or bewildering wonder or egotistical philosophy, or bitter because of sorrow and neglect—but still the human heart longs to know God. And you preachers can no more excuse yourselves by the empty plea that the churches have lost their hold upon the masses than Dives can defend himself before his Maker for refusing bread to Lazarus. The masses may refuse to come and eat the crumbs that fall from your grandly decorated tables; they won't refuse what in self-respect they can accept, but it must be tendered in a different spirit than that which you have lately shown. Do you want an example of it? Then think how you act when the masses whisper amongst themselves the counter-part of the question you ask in your assembly: "Are the churches growing out of touch with religion?" Then you cry out, "Infidel!" "Agnostic!" "Enemies of religion!" and condemn them as socialists, communists and would-be destroyers of all that is good. I may, in this sudden impulse on the behalf of the masses, have drawn this picture somewhat strongly, but the assembly has opportunities which the masses have not. If they were to gather together and discuss the clergy and "modern religion" as you discuss them, they would be dispersed by the police. Where in your discussion, in your preaching, in your walks on the street is your love for the masses? When and where do you reach out the arms of human sympathy to raise up the "lapsed toilers." Ah ye doctors of divinity learn the lesson of humanity by studying it in the by-ways and slums you never visit. DON.



GOING TO THE THEATER.

At the annual general meeting of the Toronto Riding and Driving Club, held last week at the Queen's Hotel, the chair was taken by Colonel Otter, the club's vice-president for the season 1887-8. The chairman first read the honorary secretary and treasurer's balance-sheet, and after a few comments thereon, with mention of the creditable fact that a substantial balance stood to the club's credit, a vote of thanks to Mr. Fox for his zeal and devotion in the interests of the club was moved and carried by acclamation. The retiring president, Mr. J. K. Kerr, Q.C., and the retiring vice-president, Colonel Otter, were unanimously re-elected. Of last year's committee, three members, Messrs. Hamilton Merritt, Cronyn and Shanly, were re-elected, while the other two, Captain Mars and Mr. Hume Blake, the former because he leaves shortly for England, and the latter because he will not be able to spare sufficient time, did not seek re-election. Their places were filled by the choice of Colonel Dawson and Mr. Edin Heward. Their election was unanimous. Mr. R. H. Fox was re-elected hon. secretary and treasurer without a dissentient voice.

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Motions that the landlords of the Weston and Humber hotels, where the club go, be requested to provide better stabling accommodation and more stable help, and that notices be sent to all members calling their attention to a certain rule of the constitution were made and carried. The rule alluded to in the latter motion is one which last year was sometimes more honored in the breach than the observance. It forbids the driver of any sleigh to attempt to pass the president or whoever may be leading the drive, and also cautions all drivers against trying to pass the sleigh ahead of them unless there is considerable space between that sleigh and the one immediately ahead of it. The strict observance of this important rule prevents anything like unseemly racing, and very much lessens the chance of accidents. Other matters of less importance were also disposed of.

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Small afternoon teas to which a few con genial people are invited by note or telephone, at a few days' notice, seem to be growing more and more popular. There have been dozens such during the last fortnight; but of large At Homes, with their engraved cards a week or two in advance, their crowds, and their attendant bands, there have been hardly any for some weeks. It is true that the former species of entertainment is often the more enjoyable, but the latter is often very pleasant too, and human nature craves variety and likes some afternoons of both kinds.

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At the St. Andrew's ball on Friday of last week, there was considerable stir amongst the guests when the report was started and quickly spread that Mrs. Langtry was in the room. For days there had been much wagging of tongues about the ball and the professional beauty. The one was hardly mentioned without the other. Had she been invited privately or officially, or had she been invited at all? Would she come? Would she be taken on to the dais? Would she be presented to Lady Stanley? Who would be her partners? What would she wear? These and a dozen other questions I had heard for a week past, and the answers given were more varied than the questions. But now all doubts were to be set at rest, all the difficult points were to be cleared up. "She has been seen, she is in the room, where is she?" For half an hour dancing languished, and even the most excellent champagne to be had there did not tempt people to the supper-room; everybody sought Mrs. Langtry. "She is wearing cream-colored silk, and she was seen going into the gallery"—so circumstantial was the evidence of her presence. But she was not in the gallery, the conservatory knew her not, the ball room and supper-room were alike guiltless of her beauty. At last the mystery was explained. The lady who had first made the mistake and set the rumor going, once more beheld her Mrs. Langtry, and lo! it was not Mrs. Langtry. It was Miss ——, but no, I did not see the likeness, and I will not print the lady's name. The non-appearance of the famous beauty was a great disappointment to most of the guests, but I am inclined to think she showed wisdom in staying away, and I am sure many of the committee were greatly relieved that she did so.

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There have been good-looking women at Rideau Hall before, but I doubt if the three ladies of the present Governor-General's suite have ever been eclipsed, if indeed they have been ever equalled. Mrs. Colville, the wife of Colonel Colville, Lord Stanley's military secretary, is fair, bright, vivacious—charming; her dress at the ball of some white tulle or muslin became her well. Not less becoming, in quite a different style, was the splendid yellow gown of Mrs. Bagot, the wife of Captain Bagot, the Governor-General's A. D. C. Mrs. Bagot is tall, of a very fine figure and dignified, but, withal, of a seemingly pleasant and gracious manner. Of the three, it is perhaps this lady whose looks strike one most. Miss Lister, a niece of Lady Stanley's, is also tall and strikingly handsome, her choice of apparel, a white dress with bright pink ribbons, I thought a good one.

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The whole arrangements of the ball were so uniformly excellent, the absence of any crowding and the really select nature of the guests, was such a blessing that I hardly like to cavil at anything. For the benefit of the management of future balls at the Pavilion, I must, however, point out that the floor of that building is an unusually dirty floor, and that it requires a very great deal of washing. Last week the dust seemed everywhere to have come through the wax, and many a costly gown was ruined after a night's dance.

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Mr. Albert Nordheimer has recovered from his severe accident in time to accompany Mrs. Nordheimer and his sister-in-law, Miss Maude Vankoughnet, to Germany this week. On Friday of last week, Mrs. Nordheimer's last reception day, a large number of people went to Bloor street to bid her and Mr. Nordheimer farewell. On Sunday, Kenmore was again crowded with more intimate friends, and on Monday afternoon a large number of the latter assembled at the Union Station to see the party off and to wish them a final *bon voyage*.

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Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer and Miss Vankoughnet sailed from New York by the North German Lloyd steamship Aller, and will spend some time with Mr. Nordheimer's relations in Hamburg. Thence they go, via Dresden and Paris, to the Riviera, where Mr. Nordheimer will leave them for the late winter and early spring, returning himself in less than two months from the present time to Toronto.

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What is one man's loss is another man's gain, and the deadness of things social has of late proved a great boon to the managers and proprietors of the theaters. On Monday evening the Grand was filled to overflowing with one of the very smartest audiences of the present season, dozens of people occupying boxes and orchestra chairs whom the mere suggestion that they should see Penelope last week would have deeply shocked. There is as much vulgarity in parts of one play as in the other, but then Adonis has been stamped with the approval of fashion in London and New York, and certainly Dixey is a marvel.

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One of the lower boxes was graced by Miss Campbell, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Harcourt Vernon and Mr. Shanly; a second by Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss Hodgins, Miss Otter, Capt. Wise of Ottawa and Capt. Sears; a third by Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Robinson, Miss Minnie Morris of Guelph and Mr. Fox, while elsewhere I noticed Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. Frank Jones, Miss Fanny Campbell, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Miss Jones, the Messrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. McCarthy, Mr. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson of London, England, Mr. Harvey of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Miss Ellis, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Benjamin Cronyn, Mr. Kenneth Moffatt, Miss Michie, Mr. George Michie, Mr. Patteson, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Webster, Mr. Durveher of Montreal and many others whose names the lapse of time has made me forget.

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Numbers of gay people have been to Hamilton this week to see the Art Fair with which that ambitious place has dared to emulate the similar exhibition which so stirred society here last spring. The general verdict of Toronto visitors to the Hamilton show seems to be that in the number and quality of its attraction, it does not hold a candle to the Toronto Art Fair, but as a means for making a large sum of money it outstrips its Toronto model very far indeed. There is no fascinating minuet or joyous Maypole dance on a grand central stage, to absorb the attention of visitors, and so to prevent their money being spent at stalls and sideshows. But, then, as everybody knows the Scot is canny, and Hamilton is nothing if not Scotch.

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Mrs. MacMahon's At Home on Saturday last proved one of the successes of the season. The responses to the invitations were very numerous. The house occupied by Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, 44 Spadina avenue, is admirably suited for such entertainments, the rooms being spacious and artistically furnished. The harpists discoursed some choice selections during the afternoon. Amongst those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, the Misses McKellar, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin, Sir Thomas and Lady Galt, the Misses Galt, Mrs. Hoskins, Miss and Mr. Hoskins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mrs. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, the Misses Armstrong, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mr. and Miss Heward, Mrs. James Strachan, Dr. and Miss Covernington, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Robinson, Miss Robinson, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Ferguson, Miss Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Becher, the Misses Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Miss Macklem, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Osler, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Winstanly, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blake, Mr. Hume Blake, Miss Howitt, Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin, Miss DuMoulin, Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Badgerow, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Miss Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. MacLaren, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, Captain and Mrs. Law, Sir William Howland, Mr. and Mrs Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt, Mr. E. O. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt, Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Galt, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ferguson, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Street, Capt. and Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mrs. Meyrick Banks, Chancellor Boyd, Mr. J. A. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Barwick, Miss Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Burton, the Misses Burton, Mrs. Bain, Mr. George Burton, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Cassels, Miss Cassells, Miss Crooks, the Misses Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. McNab, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. Moss, Miss Moss, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Street, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Mr. Crowley, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Foy, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Mr. W. M. Douglas, Mr. George Evans, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsford, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Kane, Mr. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. Maitland, Mr. C. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Temple, Miss Temple, Mr. and Mrs. James Foy, the Misses Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. George McMurrich, Miss Mc Murrich, Miss Grier, Mr. and Mrs. George Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Stinson Jarvis, Mr. Frank Joseph, Mr. Grant MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Beddome, Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Hebden, Mr. and Mrs. O'Keefe, Miss O'Keefe, Dr. and Mrs. Snelling, Mr. and Mrs. Anglin, Mr. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, the Attorney-General and Mrs. Mowat, Sheriff Mowat, Miss Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mr. and Mrs. McMurray, Mr. McMurray, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Gallespie, Bishop and Miss Sweatman, Mrs. Rutherford, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. Rutherford, Mrs. George Jarvis, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Baines, Dr. and Mrs. Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. Todd, Mr. Morrow, Mr. George R. R. Cockburn, Mr. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, the Misses Lockhart, Mr. Michie, Mr. Forbes Michie, Mr. and Mrs. S. McDonell, Miss Michie, Miss Skeaf, the Misses Boulton, the Misses Denny, Mr. and Mrs. B. Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Bright, Miss Bright, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Sir Adam and Lady Wilson, Miss Hector, Dr. and Mrs. Morson, the Misses Morson, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Ball, Mrs. Fraser, the Misses Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. F. Patterson, Judge and Mrs. Morgan, the Misses Morgan, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Bunting, Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Elms Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Riordan, Mr. and Mrs. Birchall, the Misses Birchall, Mr. and Mrs. Farrar, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mrs. and the Misses Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McDonald, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Williams, Captain and Mrs. Grant, Miss Laidlaw, Mr. Dwight, Mr. Scatchnel, Mr. Coleman.

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Mrs. MacMahon received her guests in a charming manner, in the drawing-room, clad in a rich gown of black Honiton lace over a delicate shade of crushed strawberry, and diamonds at her throat and in her ears. Among the guests there were many pretty and handsome toilets, that of Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt attracting general admiration. This was dove-colored and crushed strawberry corded silk, with rich trimmings of a fancy lace to match, and bonnet with tips *en suite*. With this Mrs. Nesbitt wore her light furs which are most becoming. Another pretty gown was on Miss Howitt, to whose complexion it was peculiarly suitable. It was terra cotta cloth with a Directoire coat, and waistcoat of some light silk, and collar of dark bottle green velvet. Mrs. Winstanley wore a stylish costume of black satin merveilleux, with soft creamy white waistcoat and front panel. Miss Ferguson was dressed in dark blue cashmere, the overskirt being lined with wadded silk, and draped to display a side panel of the same. With this she wore a large Gainsborough trimmed at the side with feathers. Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong wore a pretty æsthetic green cashmere and crushed strawberry silk with a bonnet to match. Miss Bunting was clad in an English tailor-made cloth gown of gray and a smart-looking gray bonnet. Miss Grier wore a pale silver-gray cashmere with panel and waistcoat of a fancy silk in which the two shades of pink and blue were softly blended and shot with gray. Miss Mabel Bright was becomingly attired in a toilet of vivid red. Mrs. MacMahon's sister, Mrs. Ball, was dressed in black lace and jet.

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On Wednesday night at the Grand, Dixey again drew a bumper house, and nearly, if not quite, as fashionable as that of Monday. It was the highest compliment to the versatile actor that many of the people who laughed at him on Monday, came again on Wednesday, and laughed as much as ever. In a stage box were Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Burn of Cumberland, Eng., Mrs. Gamble Geddes, Mr. Tilley and Mrs. Frank Darling. The Government House box was occupied by Miss Campbell, Mrs. Otter, Miss Brough, Captain Sears, and Mr. Harry Gamble. Opposite to the latter were Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, while house and stage were viewed from an upper box by Miss Robinson, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Benjamin Cronyn. In the body of the house I saw Miss Ince, Mr. Ince, Miss Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Durocher of Montreal, Miss Campbell, Miss Mabel Heward, the Messrs. Heward, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. William Blake, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Crombie, and Mr. George Jones.

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Mrs. Hamilton Merritt has returned to town, after a long stay in the North-West. Miss Kate Merritt will not return until after Christmas. Mrs. Merritt signalized her return by a "tea," on Wednesday. Originally intended to be quite small, the affair swelled, as all entertainments in Toronto are apt to do, and a good portion of the fashionable world were to be found that afternoon at Mrs. Merritt's popular St. George street residence.

Hamilton's Art Fair.

Socially Hamilton is almost as dead as the historic door-nail. The only recent event of importance has been the Art Fair, which was held in the new drill hall this week to raise funds for endowing an art school here. The Governor-General and Lady Stanley formally opened the fair on Monday afternoon. The fair is very elaborate, and has been an immense success. The exhibition of paintings was large, and included some of the finest works of art in Canada. Mrs. Alexander Cameron and Mr. J. K. Kerr, Q. C., of Toronto, contributed the gems of their collections, and helped the project by every means in their power. But the Art Gallery was not the sole attraction. The hall was laid out in booths, representing the world's different nationalities, which were presided over by Hamilton ladies, over two hundred of whom worked most enthusiastically to make the affair a success. A stage was erected and a performance given every evening, by a company composed of the best dramatic talent Hamilton has—Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mrs. H. A. Mackelcan, Mrs. R. J. Steele, Mrs. S. C. Newburn, the Misses Crerar, Gaviller, Baker, Mills, McInnes, Kennedy, Rowe, Parker, and Messrs. James Crerar, P. D. Crerar, Hugh C. Baker, Charles Bruce, M. Irwin, D. Burns, Kerwin Martin, R. H. Labatt, F. H. Mills, H. A. Mackelcan, H. H. Robertson, R. T. Steele and George C. Thomson. The various booths were presided over by the following ladies: Cafe—Mrs. Leggatt, Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mrs. T. H. Stinson, Mrs. Hamilton, Misses Daisy Brown, Crerar, Dewar, Dunlop, Fuller, Gartshore, A. Hendrie, Laidlaw, Leggatt, McGivern, Parker. Book booth—Mrs. T. C. Pratt, Mrs. Churchill Livingstone, Misses Annie Briggs, Aleda Burns, Edith Robinson, Florence Somerville and Tillie Robinson. Fruit booth—Senoras McKinnon and Egan; Senoritas Keegan, Parker, Bristol, Slater and L. Cummings. New England kitchen—Matrons: Mesdames Fairgrieve, Chittenden, Hills, W. Brown, Mackenzie and Charlton; Puritan Maidens: Misses Leslie, Cummings, Gillespie, Galbraith, Chittenden, Fairgrieve, Birely, Littlehales, Balmer and McKinnon. Venetian booth — Mesdames Skinner, Macadams, Prentice and Husband; Misses Roach, Gilles, Domville, Campbell and Fleming; Masters Garrett and Mackenzie. Flower committee—Mesdames H. A. Maclaren Counsell, John Billings and J. Hendrie; Misses Turner, Sinclair, Bull, M. B. Mills, H. Billings, L. Roach, E. Billings and M. Bowman. Maypole fair—Mesdames A. H. Moore, Doran, Briggs, Harvey and Gaviller. Ice cream booth — Mesdames Fuller, J. J. Scott, A. Gates, L. Mewburn and Lucas; Misses O'Reilly, M. and G. McInnes, K. Mills, Robertson and K. Chapman. Christmas tree—Mesdames Beddoe, Garrett, Newcombe, Tinling; Misses Mackelcan, Atkinson, Harvey, M. Lash, A. Gunn, K. Gunn, M. Beddoe. Chateau d' Or—Madame Wolverton, M'lles Gillespie, Mackenzie, Zealand, I. Ridley, M. Bruce, A. Dunlop, M. Hamilton, K. Ridley, H. Woolverton. Gipsy camp—Gipsy maidens: Misses Mackenzie, Bristol, Johnson, Lash, Hobson, Ambrose, Mrs. Fenwick, Mrs. McArthur; Gipsies: Messrs. Beddoe, Morton, Motley, Evans, Baxter, Mackenzie and Fleming. The wigman—Wabunoogua, Mrs. R. A. Hutchison; Naningahsega, Mrs. Dr. Gunn of New York; Minnewawa, Miss Josie Pilkey; Owaissa, Miss Emma Henning; Chief Katkewaquonaby, W. Bruce; Ishkoodah, Arthur Henning; Shawshaw, Willie Witton; Wahwahtaysee, Stanley Robinson; Shawondasee, Percy Ball; Mahnabezee, John Lyle. Russian tea—Mrs. Stiff, Mrs. Sewell, Miss Martha Simpson. Dollbooth—Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. McGregor, Mrs. Mewburn and Miss McGivern. Lilliputian bazaar—The Misses Watson. The interior of the hall was arranged under the supervision of Architect C. W. Mulligan, and it goes without saying that it presented a most attractive appearance.

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A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

RESULTS IN FURTHER COMPLICATIONS.

His early return to his apartments gave Mr. Tully a couple of hours before dinner, during which he committed to memory another song which he thought probably would be needed as an encore. It must have astonished his landlady and the other occupants of the house to hear his violin discoursing the "Blackwidow on the Wall," but the two hours' practice made him almost perfect in the words and the air.

In the evening he ventured to call on Miss Browning, explaining to her that it was possible he might be invited to sing twice and he desired to be able to comply. Two people who have music as a common ground upon which they can meet, and have also an undefined attraction for each other, make rapid progress. As Dell played the accompaniment with sundry suggestions as to expression, he admitted to himself that he was having not only a novel but a delightful time, and when Dell suggested a third selection he threw his whole heart into the mastery of the air and words. Then they had a little rehearsal and he sang his three pieces with such accuracy that their practice was concluded.

Mrs. King was absent, and had been for a couple of days, but while Tully was telling his experiences of the day to his attentive and sympathetic listener, the widow arrived home and ten minutes later was seated in the drawing-room.

"A gentleman," said she, "was telling me on the train that you have been converted and were going to sing to-morrow evening at the Gospel Rally in the Pavilion. I am so glad, Mr. Tully. I am sure you will find it do you g-od."

"I thank you very much indeed, Mrs. King," answered Tully, gravely, "but rumor is a little premature in this instance."

"Aren't you going to sing, then?"

"Yes, it is all right as far as that is concerned, but as to the conversion, I am afraid I can't claim to have had the privilege."

"You have always had the 'privi'ege,' Mr. Tully," suggested Dell.

Possibly I have, but what I meant was, I am afraid I have not had the experience of conversion."

"Are you expecting," inquired Dell, "to have a sudden and violent transition out of your old state into some new one, Mr. Tully?"

"No, I can't say I am but I don't think merely accepting an invitation to sing at a gospel meeting is sufficient to warrant me in claiming to have been converted."

"Oh, is that all you've done, Mr. Tully," exclaimed Mrs. King, with an air of relief. "Why, of course, a singer can sing anywhere without being expected to join the society he is singing for. I suppose your voice makes you in demand everywhere," added the fair widow with her very sweetest smile, without at all concealing her desire to please.

"Well, that's the view I take of it, Mrs. King," said Tully, who, withal was sorry that the conversation had drifted away from the tone of sincerity in which Dell had been talking to him.

Mrs. King in her quiet way was a good judge of human nature, and one of the things which attracted her to Mr. Tully was his good-natured profligacy, and when she heard how the invitation came about she felt Tully would thank her if she made it appear less serious than his friends seemed inclined to make it. Comprehending his selfish and easy-going nature she imagined he would turn to her for comfort if she were willing to sympathize with him under all circumstances and having been away from the city for a little time she felt justified in being a little more lively than heretofore.

"Isn't it absurd," said she, "that these religious fanatics should claim you as a proselyte under such circumstances. It is a way they have of getting hold of people and then making them stick to it for fear other people will call them backsliders."

"I don't imagine, Mrs. King, that they have got hold of me particularly, as the invitation was given and accepted under circumstances which do not warrant people to expect anything more of me than they did in the past."

Dell Browning had listened to this conversation with growing impatience.

"Do you mean to say," asked she, "that your singing to morrow night is only to be a display of your voice? I certainly thought better things of you. You led us all to believe last night that you had determined to be a better man. I don't believe Mr. Stryde would have invited you if he hadn't had that impression."

"Why, Dell, how absurd," said Mrs. King. "Would you tie poor Mr. Tully to the apron string of an old stupid like Stryde and make him go around talking religion and scandal like Mrs. Chandler? I really like Mr. Tully better as he is."

This unconcealed bid for popularity placed Tully in a rather delicate position. He dared not avow his intention of being a better man lest he might affront Mrs. King, while on the other hand he felt he was losing everything he had gained with Dell.

"I confess," said he addressing himself to the widow, "I am getting tired of the alto gether too reckless life I have been living, and really intend to drop some of my dissipations and the companions who have had anything but an improving effect upon me, but I think I can do this without going the length of joining the Salvation Army or engaging with brother Stryde and sister Chandler in their mission work."

"Certainly you can," answered Mrs. King with a reassuring smile. "After a man passes thirty I should imagine he would begin to weary of the frolics of his youth, and commence to think more of his profession and home life."

"Yes, that's just exactly it, Mrs. King," answered Tully, grateful to her for having outlined the middle position for him.

"I think you are making a mistake, Mr. Tully," said Dell, coldly, "in imagining that half measures will be successful in your case. Unless you do something which will separate you from your old companions and make it almost compulsory to discard them you will find it won't be long before you are drawn back into the vortex from which you were congratulating yourself on your escape."

"I hope you don't think me so weak, Miss Browning, that my good resolutions mean nothing unless I am compelled by public opinion to stick to them."

"Everybody is weak, Mr. Tully, and needs the help of good surroundings if one intends to break off old associations and habits."

"Yes, but one can do that," said Mrs. King, yawning as if Dell's Puritanism bored her, "without going to the other extreme—filling one's life with Psalm singing and prayer-meetings.

"I hope you are right, Mrs. King, otherwise I am afraid my good resolutions won't amount to much, for I can't conceive of myself—at present, anyway—going about with the fervid Mr. Stryde and his friends, preaching and singing and praying in all sorts of ridiculous places. I really think it would be too much to expect of me, no matter how sincere my disgust of my ol l life may be."

As Tully spoke he felt that Dell had been weighing him and found him wanting, but determined to get into sympathy with her once more, he asked her to play the accompaniments and he would sing his pieces again before he went home and be sure he would not make a failure on the following evening.

"Really, you have spoiled your singing for me, Mr. Tully, by disowning your good intentions."

"But you surely didn't expect me to turn street preacher all at once?"

"No," answered Dell contemptuously; "nor yet to feel ashamed of turning your talents in the direction of good instead of evil. I never saw any good come out of half-hearted changes and compromises."

"Aunty Dell! Aunty Dell!"

The half-whispered call came from little Jack, who, in his night robe, stood at the head of the stairs a bold bad man. Of course Dell would side with her."

His thoughts during the remainder of his walk could not have been pleasant ones, for he slipped in the little side door of a saloon near his lodgings, and with half a-dozen half-tipsy street laborers sitting at him, drank a bottle of ale, comforting himself with the thought that no one in that little smoky back room knew him, and if they did would not be apt to talk about him. Of course the proprietor knew for he had taken many a night-cap at illegitimate hours in the room where he sat, but never there had he felt the shame degrading himself while slipping in there for a quiet drink before retiring. To-night he blushed at himself even when excusing his weakness by the thought that Cora Burnham's persecution was enough to make any man go wrong. He thought of the morrow, and it struck him that it would be wise to have a flask of something to keep his courage up. The idea of taking drink to his room made him feel like a sneak, and it was particularly repulsive when he recalled the fact that he was about to abandon the one virtue of which he had been so proud, that he never drank alone or kept i in his rooms.

It was closing time and the brisk little landlord requested the occupants of the smoking-room to permit him to lock up. The half fuddled laborers left at once, but Tully lingered until he was alone with the proprietor and then in a shame faced sort of a way asked him for a bottle of whisky to take home with him.

Two or three times between there and his room, he felt the impulse to throw the newspaper-covered bottle over the fence, but he retained it, carefully concealing it in his overcoat as he went through the hall and up the stairs to his apartment. As he looked at it on his dressing case, he tried to remember when he felt so humiliated and ashamed of himself as at that moment; but the repentance ended by him trampling upon his conscientious qualms, and pouring a liberal potion he drank off. Then he hummed the air of the sacred songs and found himself letter perfect in the words.

"I needn't fret myself into an early grave over this thing. If I don't get Dell I'll get somebody else, and if I don't get anybody at all I'll be happy, so what is the use of moping? I needn't be so infernally ashamed of taking a quiet drink by myself either; it isn't where a man takes it that does the harm. I might better drink it here than down at the club, where the chances are I would take twice as much and spend five times more money. Killick's scheme has its advantages, and I suppose if I am going in for that sort of thing, I might as well adapt myself to his methods."

Then he poured out another drink, and as he stood with the glass in his hand he caught his reflection in the mirror. "Yes, Stephen Tully, you have at last arrived at that stage when you will find it easier to be a sneak than a man with courage enough to let the world know your true character. This reformation business of yours is pulling you down lower rather than lifting you up higher. I never knew before to-night what it was to really want a drink. I didn't know I cared for it at all, but now when I imagine I can't have it, I feel that I must have it. I suppose I will next have to keep a bottle in my desk. Well, here's to Tully the hypocrite," he said to himself bitterly as he raised the glass to his lips, adding with a remorseful remembrance of the scripture readings of his childhood, "and the last state of this man is worse than the first."

(To be Continued.)

Have No Excuse.

When I was in Chicago last summer, the city editor of one of the papers there told me this story, which will show the advantage of not having an excuse:

"Some years ago a green looking fellow appeared in the city editor's room from no one knew where, and wanted a job. The city editor told him, as he had told hundreds of fellows before him, that there was no vacancy at present—that is the usual formula—but that if he came across a good bit of news, it would be cheerfully accepted and paid for.

Well, the young man brought in what stuff he could, and sometimes an item or two was used; but more often mine was unavailable, and the fellow lived as best he could and slept in sheds or in the park and never grumbled. The editor began to get tired of seeing his wan-stricken face, and once or twice advised him to go home, but the young man said that perhaps a chance would come along by and-by, and anyhow he was there to stay. One night the city editor said to him:

"If you want a chance, there's a beautiful one open for you to-night. The street car men are having meetings every night, and we can't find out what they're up to. They meet at the corner of ——th street and —— avenue."

"All right," said the young man.

"Have you any objection to my saying I'm a reporter of this paper?"

"None in the least," said the editor with a grin. "I may say, though, that Ratigan, who tried to get last night's meeting, is in the hospital to-day."

Seeing how much in earnest the young man was the city editor added:

"The meeting is Slade's regular assignment to-night, but I think he'll get some except a broken head perhaps. Anyhow if you get anything at all it'll help out. Here's a couple of dollars to meet any expenses you may have."

Shortly after midnight the young man appeared in the city editor's room. He looked as if he had been principal in a prize fight.

"Well?" said the city editor.

"I couldn't get in," remarked the young man. "What kind of a beat have you got?"

"Yes, a first rate excuse like yours."

"I tried to pass the guards but they flung me downstairs. That's how I got this," pointing to his cut and swollen lip.

"That's all right. I didn't expect you'd get in."

"I bribed a fellow for a dollar to let me in the back way. They found me out and dropped me out of the window. That's how I got this," pointing to his right eye.

"Well, you mustn't feel discouraged."

"I felt a little cast down when they dropped me out the window."

"That's not bad. You ought to apply for a position in the paragraph department.

"I climbed up to the roof on the rear fire escape, got into the top story through the trap door, went down to the room above them by the stair and found that the stove pipe came up through the floor."

"Yes," said the city editor with increasing interest.

"They were having such a stormy time below that I removed the stovepipe without anyone hearing, and held the lower pipe from falling with my left hand."

"Yes."

"I could move it aside and see all I wanted to and hear everything."

"Yes."

"They have resolved to go on strike on all the lines at nine to-morrow morning, and every one is sworn to secrecy."

"Great Scott!" cried the city editor, jumping to his feet. "Write that up. Give us all you can of it."

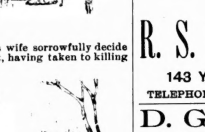
"It is written up. You see, the electric light opposite made the room light enough to write by, and I had to stay there and hold the stovepipe till everyone was gone and then fit it up again so they wouldn't suspect. Good scheme for next meeting. So I wrote it up as I lay there."

"Great head," said the city editor.

That young man is now managing one of the biggest papers in the West, and all because his rule was:

"Never have a good excuse."—*Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.*

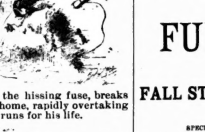
A True Story.



The Deacon and his wife sorrowfully decide that their favorite cat, having taken to killing chickens, must die.

He attaches a dynamite cartridge, and lights the fuse.

She is alarmed by the hissing fuse, breaks away and starts for home, rapidly overtaking the Deacon, who now runs for his life.



But the deadly hand of science intervenes.

An Every-Day Street Dialogue.

A—How d'ye do, Brooks?

B—Very well, thank you; how do you do?

A—Very well, thank you; is Mrs. Brooks well?

B—Very well, I'm much obliged t'you. Mrs. Adams and children are well, I hope?

A—Quite well, thank you?

(A pause.)

B—Rather pleasant weather to-day.

A—Yes, but it was cold in the morning.

B—Yes, but we must expect that at this time o' the year.

(A pause—cellar twisted, and cane twirled.)

A—Seen Smith lately?

B—No; can't say I have; but I have seen Thompson.

A—Indeed! how is he?

B—Very well, thank you.

A—I'm glad of it. Well, good morning.

B—Good morning.

Here it is always observed that the speakers, having taken leave, walk faster than usual for some hundred yards.

Too Transparent.

A young man who poses about the streets as a "masher" stood "on guard" at a prominent dry goods window on Woodward avenue, when a very pretty young lady stopped to look at the goods inside. Mr. Masher thought he saw his opportunity and moving directly in front of the window said in his most insinuating lady-killer voice:

"Pardon me! do I obstruct your view, miss?"

"Not at all," said the pretty young lady sweetly, and Mr. Masher is wondering yet why the people who heard her laughed.

A Mean Game.

"See me scare that milkman half to death," he said, as three or four men were waiting on the corner for the car and a milk wagon was coming up.

"Hey, you!" called the man, as the wagon came opposite.

The driver pulled up as if hit with a brick, and the man put his foot on the step and said:

"You probably know my business with you?"

"I—yes!" gasped the man, as he turned pale and looked around him in a helpless way.

"I want to know who was the first President of the United States!"

"What!"

"Come, sir—no dodging my question!"

"To thunder with the first president, and you too! Hang it, I thought you were the milk inspector and wanted a sample!"

At the Whippersnapper Club.

Cadley (entering club in terrible excitement)—A wegular bwute knocked me into the gutter just now, clonchew the first. What would you advise me to do, old fellaw?

Cubleigh (looking at Cadley's muddy clothes)—Why, seek wedress, of cawse.

The Season Coming.

Winter is coming and soon the intelligent citizen will begin to inquire where the Indians get so many latest improved guns and so much ammunition with which to kill off white settlers.

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Their Reconciliation.

It was Thanksgiving morning, and a good-sized congregation had assembled in the quaint little Episcopal Church at Cliffdale to listen to their pastor's discourse. Outside, the dry branches waved to and fro, and the breeze caught up the dead leaves and tossed them in little heaps, but the sun shone brilliantly, and the sky was intensely blue.

A stray sunbeam wandered through one of the stained glass windows and fell in a rosy streak at Dolly Gray's feet.

"This is a day for thankfulness," said the earnest speaker in the pulpit, "a day when sadness and grievances should be thrust aside; a day when each should exert himself for his brother's welfare and good."

Dolly's sweet gray eyes fell; then and there she made a resolve; she would beneforth live entirely for her mother and brother Tom; she would never, never marry—ah, no—but would do all in her power to make those whom she loved happy and content. Those whom she loved! And only two short months ago she had wounded one whom she dearly loved, so that they two had parted, and from that day they had not once met. He had gone out of her life; and yet the sun still shone; its rays did not seem to penetrate her heart—that was sad enough.

If she had but glanced across the aisle, this little Dolly, she would have seen the pair of grave brown eyes regarding her so earnestly. These same eyes had discovered Dolly at the opera a few evenings before, looking flower-like and lovely in her crescent pink frock, with the single white rose-bud in her hair. He had fallen into a reverie then and there. Dolly had changed, he told himself; her sweet face looked cheerful, resolutely so, but ah, how he missed the gladness and joyousness that had been always so much a part of Dolly Gray! His own face in repose was naturally grave—but Dolly! Dolly with her smiles and light-hearted laughter—Dolly's eyes had always a sunny light—even when her face was repose ful—and now! Ah, well, they had quarrelled, and all about such a little thing after all!"

Dolly had been wilful, he had been abrupt—just because he felt so much. He had wanted Dolly not to drive with her cousin, Harold Gray; his young horses were not safe, and Dolly, well, she had gone, because, as she afterwards told him, if she had not, in time—after they had been married years and years, she and Jack Forrester, Dolly might find herself merging into just such a little old woman as Mrs. Blake, quite afraid to assert herself, quite tyrannized over—and so Dolly had gone. Then they quarrelled—or at least Forrester had looked coldly at his little sweetheart, and that had half broken her heart, of course. So, slipping the engagement ring off her finger, Dolly returned it to him, and then ran out of the room before he could remonstrate or say a word; Forrester was sure he heard sobs as she fled up the stairs.

He waited as patiently as he could, but Dolly did not return. Then he went away. The following day he started for Dolly's home, but chanced to meet a friend on the way—a friend who could talk of little else save the birthday party he had attended the previous evening; and Dolly was there—such a bewitching, saucy Dolly, it seemed; all smiles and gay remarks, she had been the life of the party. And at that Forrester's face grew white and set; a dull weight of pain oppressed his spirit; she was glad to be free then; his coming would only trouble her; she could be gay and light-hearted after all that had gone before. He retraced his steps, not remembering that smiles and bright glances often hide an aching heart.

So Forrester had gone away. He wrote Dolly a little note, bidding her good-by. There was not a word of reproach in it, yet it was not like those other letters she had been wont to receive. Ah! all that was at an end now; and then, without a word of warning, little Miss Gray fainted quite away at her mother's feet. And when a little later Dolly said very quietly, "Jack and I have parted, mamma, forever, you know," why, that lady had kissed her child's brow tenderly, hoping earnestly that "forever" might prove to be but a few short weeks, for she missed the girl's ready smile and happy song.

Little Miss Gray was brave. She did not complain, and she looked happy; but it did seem as if all the charm had gone out of life, leaving behind a desolate sadness. How very gray and bleak the future did look to be sure! Where could Jack be? Was he ill? And a few foolish words had so completely driven him away! But that was a train of thought that was extremely dangerous to Dolly's peace of mind; she was sure to cry if she did not instantly busy herself in making those about her cheerful.

That night at the opera Dolly had looked wistful and sweet; she did not know that Jack had left the dreary wilds and the prairies and returned to civilization once more; she did not know that he was regarding her across a sea of faces with his heart in his eyes. He knew well that unless he could win Dolly Gray his life would be at best a barren and a sad one.

Seated there, he hardly dared hope, yet somehow the thoughtful young face of the girl he loved led him to conclude that something had saddened her; had his absence anything to do with that? Although his heart gave a glad leap, he hardly dared comfort himself with that thought.

This it happened that Jack Forrester, hearing that the Grays intended to spend their Thanksgiving Day at their villa in Cliffdale, suddenly decided that, after much wandering about, it might prove restful indeed to spend the holiday in that neighborhood. There he sat in the quaint Episcopal Church, with his arms folded across his broad chest, apparently paying strict heed to the sermon, but stealing glance after glance at Dolly's pensive face. He longed to fold her in his strong arms! How colorless she looked—a lump arose in his throat as he looked at her.

And after the service he waited a little, until the many friends who came flocking by had spoken to his Dolly—it seemed as if they would never go. Then some one, a tall dark bearded man, stepped from the back of the church, reached Dolly's side, then, taking her hand, placed it upon his arm and led her off. And Dolly had gone with an affectionate upward glance and a lingering smile.

For a few moments all was chaos with Jack Forrester. Slowly he followed the pair—slowly, for his feet felt as though weighted. He found the glad sunshine outside and the fresh, cool air; the blue sky was placid, and the birds were chirping cheerily. But the dead leaves—symbols of his own dead hopes—gave the world a dreary, barren aspect. Stunned as he was, those trees, with their long, bare branches, and the bush and shrub shivering over the first cold blast of winter, seemed most mournfully in keeping with his own desolate heart. And then his very soul seemed to cry out against the blow that had been dealt him; could he live on from day to day, and know that Dolly might never gladden his life with her love and her sweet young presence!

He groaned aloud; the sun went under a cloud, and the wind arose; it gave a most piteous moan as it sped its way over the hills, and the stalk of a tiny flower just at Forrester's feet snapped quite in two. He noticed that half scornfully, as we are apt to notice very trifling events when half benumbed with trouble.

"So long as as she is happy I ought not to complain," thought he. "Dolly could not bear up under a great sorrow like this, I fear. She would share the fate of that fragile flower when the rude blast came sweeping over her. God grant she may never suffer as I am suffering now!"

And indeed the perspiration stood in beads on the man's brow, for this was so final; she loved another—her look her smile, told that frankly enough. How could she so soon forget him! He had all along unconsciously cherished a hope that their parting was only for a time—and now!

The wind was blowing a gale when something came whirling toward him. Jack rescued it, and stood regarding the little plush hat, when footsteps came rustling through the leaves.

"The wind carried my sister's hat off; I see that you have rescued it," said the young man, laughingly.

And then who should join them but Dolly, her bright locks turned about by the wind, a smile on her lips. But as her eyes met Jack's, she grew very pale, then colored rosily. How glad she seemed, how radiant!

"Why, Jack," she cried, "where did you come from?" And then approaches remembering their quarrel, all the color fled, leaving her as pale as a snowdrop. But recovering herself she introduced the two men, and Jack Forrester, in a maze of delight, remembered that he had often heard of a big brother who was studying art abroad.

Well, the sun came out again, brilliantly, and Miss Dolly, no longer hatless, found herself blushing under a pair of eyes that were showering blessings and caresses on her. There was no need for words—glances can speak more eloquently. And Brother Tom, who had heard of the lovers' engagement, somehow found that he must hurry on ahead, as he noticed a party of his friends whom he was very anxious to speak to; and so at last the lovers were left together.

Jack's greeting brought the color into the little pale face; words were not many, they were too happy for that, but as they walked side by side along the leaf bestrewed path, they found no fault with the winter landscape. Joy was singing a song in the heart of each; a thanksgiving peace seemed to envelope them, driving away all the loneliness and woe.

"Are you happy, dear?" questioned Forrester, asking the superfluous question just for the pleasure of hearing Dolly speak.

"Yes, Jack, and how nice it is not to have heartache."

"I never should have left you!" cried Jack, with tears in his eyes. "We must never disagree again, Dolly."

"Never again," said Dolly, "for oh! it is sad to be parted from those we—like," timidly.

Jack Forrester will never forget that Thanksgiving Day. And the deep peacefulness that followed so closely after the bitter anguish did not diminish—it followed him through life.

L'Arrival.

"What do I hear at the window?
Did some one call me?" Nay,
It was only the wind, my darling,
Giving the night sway,
Only the wind and the shutter,
Talking as two friends may.

"But now I hear some one speaking:
Oh, it is I-en, and you will hear!"
It is only the night bird calling
To her mate in sudden fear;
Only the dead leaves falling,
Ye last love leaves of the year.

"But now there is some one coming,
I hear a step on the stair."
Nay, nay, it is nothing, darling,
But the rocker of my chair.
I have just been out in the hallway—
I am sure there is no one there.

Never a knock at the door way,
Never a step in the hall.
Yes, the King is certainly coming—
Hey lightly his steps do fall.
A sigh and a straightening downward,
And silence is over all.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Repartee Before the Performance.

The Giant—Hello, Shorty!
The Dwarf—I may be short, but my wife never borrers my hat for a thimble!—*Judge.*

The Quiet Flirt.

The evident flirt may be dangerous; the quiet flirt is deadly. The one acts on principles of amusement, vanity, the love of conquest. The other seems impelled by some fatalistic necessity. With the evident flirt a man knows where he stands—more or less. With the quiet flirt he has been swamped in the deepest quagmire before he is even conscious of having started on the road to destruction.

The quiet flirt's great weapon is unconsciousness. She is rarely shy nowadays; she is not exactly demure. She turns upon a prospective victim, in the early stages of acquaintaceship, a glance frank and cool and open as a boy's. She talks well, and she is very self-possessed. One could never dream of her as anxious to marry—as a husband-hunter. You would swear that she was serenely sufficient unto herself. She listens to a man's opinions so attentively, she sees his point of view with such intelligence shining out of her clear, calm eyes, that with a pleasant, impersonal sort of approval it comes to him that this is a girl—a fine, sensible girl—a fellow could make a friend of, indeed.

This is the first stage. Then the "fellow" begins to make little discoveries about the "friend." There are depths of womanliness in her, suggestions of passions, of tenderness, he never would have dreamed of. The revelation comes in glimpses—few and far between—and unconsciously (quite unconsciously!) to the calm revealer. A treasure there for any man she should ever come to care for! So thinks the man she is treating in such an off-hand, friendly fashion now. But then she probably will never care for any one—she seems so indifferent. The thought makes the man a little bit grumpy, which the quiet flirt sees.

And this is the second stage. Stung a trifle at last by her persistent treatment of him as though he were a good, estimable father of a family to whom it was pleasant and harmless to talk, he assumes a little of the air of Don Juan, of the tantalizing compliments of the gay deceiver, and finds her growing only a little colder, a little stiffer; encounters a disappointed look, and knows that he has hurt her vaguely and fallen below her estimate of him. All that follows is a question of time. Had he known he was falling in love he would have saved himself from folly by flight. But the quiet flirt has hidden the fact from his own consciousness so deftly that when he at last sees clearly he neither wants to escape, nor can. His first, half-sarcastic protestations she laughed at good humoredly; his netted, more insistent avowal she met with surprise, tinctured with gentle mortification: "She would not believe he would try to flirt with her! She had liked him so much! They had been such good friends!" His final passionate pleading meets with startled response. "She had never thought of him in that light. He must wait."

And wait he does. To learn at last—eyes dropped on fan, soft cheek turned away—that she couldn't think of it, though she likes him so very, very much! Another will take his place. And another. Toward each she will lean with the subtlest flattery; perfect trust. To each (for the time) she will seem a perfect woman. She will never warm toward any man—to her husband no more than to another. And she will continue her underground destruction, in some fashion, till she dies.

Rewarding a Chestnut-Proof Man.

At a minstrel show one of the performers was asked a question concerning his nationality.

"I am an Irishman."

"Where were you born."

"In Ireland."

Hereupon a well dressed man, who sat just behind the orchestra, arose, and handing the fellow a gold ring said:

"Take this ring. You are entitled to it."

"How so?" the minstrel asked.

"Because you did not seize an old joke by its gray hair and drag it across the stage—because you withstood a great temptation—because you stabbed a strong yearning and refrained from saying that you were born in New York. Here, take the ring."

Two Definitions.

Two eyes of brown, two eyes of blue,
Two shadows in the evening dew,
Two hands whose pressure soft can thrill,
Two hearts that throb at their sweet will,
Two lips that seek two lips above,
And that is love.

Two hearts grown tired of wedded bliss,
Two lips that seldom get a kiss,
Two souls aweary of love's fare,
Two eyes that watch two eyes' despair,
Two months, should things still take their course,
And that's divorce.

A Loyal Girl.

During the war Miss N., a beautiful and spirited Virginian, whose brother (a Confederate soldier) had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to secure an audience with the President, but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be very prudent and not let a word escape her which would betray her Southern sympathies. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln and the object for which they had come stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the petite maiden and, looking searchingly into her face, said: "You are loyal, of course?" Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, replied: "Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!" Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer, and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two, and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. Once out-side, the extreme vexation of Mr. Blair found vent in reproachful words. "Now, you have done it!" he said; "didn't I warn you to be careful? you have only yourself to blame." Miss N. made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words: "Pass Miss N.; she is an honest girl, and can be trusted.—A. LINCOLN."

The Era of Perfume.

This is an era of sachet powders. The society woman is literally stuffed with it. Every dress sent home by the fashionable modiste has a plentiful quantity scattered between the lining and the padding. Small wool cushions filled with favorite sachet are covered with silk and fastened into each armhole. Even the bustle is covered with a scented, quilted cover. A fad just now very popular is a bunch of scent bags tied together with a narrow colored ribbon and pinned to the left shoulder. Scented purses and card cases are among the new perfumed articles of this season, as well as the odorous morning sacques and slippers, and the fine toilet soaps are fragrant with milady's favorite perfume.

Their Lot Equally Sad.

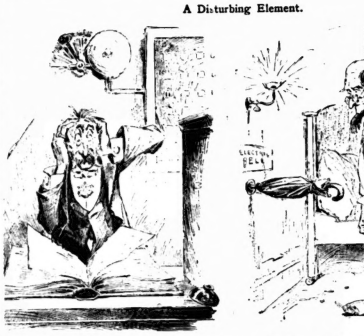
First Old Bach—I wonder who that melancholy-looking man is?

Second Old Bach—His name is Blank and he is one of a pair of twins. One of them recently lost his wife and the other one recently married. I don't know which one he is.

Wanted Money For It.

Charles Mathews once told a story of the Boots at a country hotel where he was staying, asking to be paid for going to the theater. Mathews, struck with the fellow's civility, gave him an order for the play. "Come and see the piece, Tom," said Mathews. "At the theater?" "Yes," said Mathews; "here is an order for you." The next day Mathews said: "Well, Tom, did you like the play?" "Oh, yes," said the Boots, in a sibilous kind of way; "but who's to pay me for my time?"

A Disturbing Element.



Night-clerk (as the electric gong bangs away)—That jay in number eleven must be crazy!

Mr. Sogus (of Keyport, as he gets ready to retire)—I ain't agoin t' have no strange folks a peekin' through that hole 'T I kin help it.—*Judge.*

Timely Caution.

Old Gentleman (earnestly)—Young man, do you know that in drinking whisky you should use great caution?

Young man—I do use great caution, sir. I never yet took a drink out of that dear old flask that I didn't look around to see what kind of a crowd I was in. Take a small sniffer, my friend; those goods will make an old woman with the mumps feel happy.

A Curious Contrast.

One of the curiosities at the coming Paris Exhibition is a steam-engine constructed by a watch-maker, who is besides a mechanical engineer and an artist. It will undoubtedly prove to be the smallest engine in the whole world. It weighs three grammes (two dwt.) and its height is one-and-a-half centimetre (about half an inch.) It is composed of 180 pieces of metal. By way of contrast, the most appropriate place for this little masterpiece is at the foot of the Eiffel Tower.

Another Victim of Old Hutch.

Gentleman—You look as though you were in hard luck.

Tramp—Yes sir, that I am.

Gentleman—You're about the toughest looking tramp I've seen in many a day.

Tramp—Well, sir, with flour $12 a barrel you can't expect a man to dress in broadcloth.

OUR ANNUAL WINTER SALE

Commenced on Saturday, December 1

And, judging from the first week's business, we should certainly prophesy for it a most successful run. Successful for us and most assuredly successful for you. Last year (during our sale) we consider that we gave away TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN PROFITS. This year we expect to give away more. Last year we realized over ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. This year we hope to do more, but to do it more profits will have to go. While every department in the store has felt the pruning knife to-day we shall give you a part only of the Mantle and Dress Goods Lists.

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Short Tweed Jackets were $10, now $5.
Ladies' Long Ulsters were $15, now $9.
Ladies' Long Ulsters were $10, now $7.
Ladies' Dolmans were $7, now $3.50.
Ladies' Dolmans were $8, now $4.75.
Ladies' Dolmans were $10, now $6.50.
Ladies' Dolmans were $30, now $15.

Fancy Tweed Suitings were 25c., now 12c.
Double-width Suitings were $1.25, now 98c.
Good Tweed Suitings were 20c., now 13c.
Handsome Striped Tweeds were 30c., now 23c.
Double width Colored Beatings were 40c., now 27c.
Elegant Striped Tweeds were 75c. and 85c., now 68c.
500 yards Feather Trimmings was 40c. and 50c., now 13c.
President Braid Trimmings were 65c. and 75c., now 48c.

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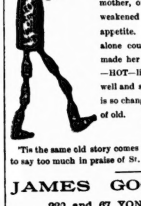

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Caring for Mother, bear her,
No Words Can Picture

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Has done in our family, especially for mother, of whose life we despaired, weakened with pains and loss of appetite. Sleep left her; Auntie, alone could manage her, and she made her drink ST. LEON WATER —HOT like tea. Now she is really well and strong—rests all night, and is so changed and is all kindness, as of old.

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The Good Man on Hardscrabble Street.

The abolition of exemptions has been talked about until nothing striking remains but the justice of the demand. Everybody knows that exemptions, whether on behalf of a church, clergyman or anyone else are not only an absurdity but a gross violation of the principle that people should not be taxed to maintain what they do not want maintained, even if this applies to creeds or the support of churches which they neither attend nor approve of. Take a town for instance in which half the population may be Roman Catholics and have but one church, while the other half is Protestant and has four. It is manifestly unfair that the Catholic population should be taxed to maintain the four churches to which they are opposed as well as to sustain the one in which they believe. Exemptions are but another form of taxation, and it is easily seen in the illustration given that were the four Protestant churches in the suppositious town to pay their share of taxes, together with the rate on the houses occupied by the four clergymen and the taxes upon their income, the burden of taxation would fall much more lightly upon the Roman Catholic communicants. In Toronto the church property is, perhaps, divided in fair equality among the various sects, but this does not remove the injustice, nor establish the principle as a proper one. At least twenty-five per cent. of the people do not go to church at all. Is it fair to increase their taxes in order to decrease the burdens of churchgoers? It is argued that the churches are of value to the community, and that those who stay away from them as well as those who attend them are benefited. This is true, but its truth does not justify compulsory payments for the sake of religion.

Education in this province has been made compulsory, but before this could be done it had to be secularized. Anything like the introduction of creeds into our public schools would tear them asunder. Out of this grew the stupendous blunder of permitting the creation of separate schools for the use of those who are not satisfied without a catechism in the class room. Then if it were necessary to eliminate creeds from public education in order to make the people accept it as anything but a rank injustice, how can we defend a proposition in which sectarianism is the first element of compulsory religion? If it is right that all people should be forced to contribute to churches regardless of the sectarian tenets held by them or the prejudices retained by themselves, it would be perfectly proper to compel them to attend church, and thoroughly in keeping with this policy to force them to attend a particular church, achieving the crowning glory of the system by compelling them to kneel in a certain way, to sing in a stated manner and to say amen according to law. This was once held as eminently right and religious, to-day it has no defenders.

There is no doubt that those who deny the existence of a God and the inspiration of the Bible have much for which they should thank their religious neighbors. If we had no churches, no preachers, society would be in a bad condition. But this does not justify improper and unjust means of keeping these churches and preachers in existence. If it had been Christ's intention to compel people to accept Him and to force His teaching upon unwilling ears He would have done as Mahomet did—evangelize the world at the sword's point. Surely Christian people do not grudge their good influence upon those who have not the blessing of faith nor should they try to realize a cash percentage on it by way of exemption from taxation.

To illustrate this point, take the individual basis: A good man lives on a street inhabited by otherwise vicious people. His influence upon his neighbors must be good. The street would be worse if he were not there. But would it be right for the good man on Hardscrabble street to call upon the Court of Revision to remit his taxes because he was a good man and exercised a beneficial influence on Hardscrabble street?

Not an argument which will hold water can be advanced in favor of exemptions. There would still be as many churches, and they would be forced into a more self-respecting attitude; there would be no fewer preachers, though they would have to pay their taxes as Christ himself did, "rendering unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's." Not long ago every clergyman used to expect a reduction of 10 per cent on the price of his groceries and dry goods, even though they were sold by an atheist. We laugh at such petty things now-a-days, but they were not more contemptible than the anxiety of those who still expect to live without paying taxes. These paltry efforts of men who do not sufficiently respect either themselves or the cause in which they are laboring, degrade the "cloth," and it was this which led to the old classification of saxes: "men, women and preachers."

It is about time that clergy and churchmen alike got to be too manly to retain moneys they should pay or to accept help extorted from unwilling subscribers. The Jarvis street Baptist church has set a good example which should be followed by all those who truly respect the greatest of all noble movements: the bringing to Christ those who are now away from Him.

MUSIC

On Saturday afternoon the friends of the College of Music were gathered in the spacious music hall of that institution to witness the Toronto debut of Mme. Asher-Lucas. This lady has played in England with great success when a child, and considerable interest was manifested in her performance here. Her programme was a sufficiently varied one, comprising Bach's C sharp minor fugue, a Scherzo in C by Saint-Saens, Chopin's Etude in F and his Polonaise in A, Schumann's Romance in F sharp, and the first movement of his Carneval de Vienne, Raff's La Fileuse, Grieg's Bridal March, Liszt's Clochette, and the Pastoral Prelude. Mme. Asher-Lucas has a great command of technique, and does all her work in the most fluent, yet most distinct manner; she is not without power and force and were she to introduce a greater attention to the *nuances* of expression would be a still more pleasing artist than she now is. As it is, she is unquestionably an addition to the ranks of Toronto musicians, and I hope to hear her again under circumstances when the glamour of gas-light may perhaps infuse more inspiration than is afforded by the cold light of day. Miss Katie Ryan's songs afforded a pleasing variety to the music of the afternoon.

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This week those enterprising *entrepreneurs*, Messrs. Nicholls & Howland, are giving us a much more enjoyable entertainment than that of last week. Whenever the musical feeling of a country acquires a strong enough characteristic to crystalize itself into a school or style, it becomes interesting the whole world over. Sunny Spain, with its vine-clad hills and warm-blooded people, furnishes an instance of this fact, and with its mandolin and its guitar, it affords a characteristic vehicle for the performance of a characteristic music. Romantic as the term Spanish Students sounds, the music given at the Permanent Exhibition by the company playing there now sounds fully as romantic as the name. And, as is usual in such combinations, the strictly national music is always more pleasing to the ordinary auditor than is the adaptation of other music to the special instruments and mannerisms of a country.

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December promises generously as to music. On the 10th, Campanini's company gives a concert, not the least of whose attractions will be Del Puente, the silky-voiced baritone; on the 13th, Mr. Torrington's orchestra performs, with the assistance of Mlle. Adele Strauss and Mr. H. M. Blight; on the 14th, Mr. Frederic Archer plays at Elm street Methodist church, following this, on the next day, with a recital at the College of Music; on the 17th, the Pearl of Pekin, a funny opera, opens at the Grand; on the 18th, the Toronto Vocal Society gives its first concert, with Ovide Musin, Mme. Annie Louise Tanner and Mr. Whitney Mockridge; on the 24th, Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, The Yeoman of the Guard, appears at the Grand; on the 27th the Philharmonic Society sings The Messiah, with solos by Miss Lizzie Webbe Cary, Miss Katie Ryan, Mr. Walter Jamieson, Mr. Blight, Mr. Schuch and Mr. Warrington; and during that week the Canadian Society of Musicians will sit in executive session, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, and closing with a musical service of praise at St. Andrew's Church. No dearth of music in Toronto, this month at all events, and the most fastidious will surely find something to his taste out of such a slate.

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I see a new star has appeared on the piano firmament in the shape of a young Hungarian named Moritz Rosenthal. He arrived in New York a few weeks ago and has taken the city by storm. No pianist, not even excepting Rubinstein, has had such press notices as have been given Rosenthal, and he is unanimously placed in the proud position of being the greatest pianist who ever visited America. A friend who heard him last week in New York tells me: "He has all the force of Rubinstein, the intellectuality of Von Bulow, the grace of Joseffy, and the elegant phrasing that we admire in Carreno." Fine, strong words these, but they were spoken by one who knows whereof he speaks, and they are fully entitled to weight and credence. METRONOME.

The Play is Over.

Stand there with the full moon over your face,
Made fair for the ruin of men like me,
And change not even a finger's place
By that cold white statue of Niobe.
For so you stood as we parted last,
And I was the slave of your small, sweet hands;
But everything changes. The past is past;
Yes, your time to listen—mine to command.

Look up at the stars; how quiet they are!
Direct and queenly and cruel—like you.
What do they care for a man's despair?
What for all things that a man may do?
Blood from his body and soul may flow;
Despair may darken his dreams of bliss;
Yet radiant ever, forever they go,
Knowing no pity for pain of his.

So you, with your beautiful lures and lies,
With your faith forgot and your love foreworn,
Chasing and chooing a lesser prize
Than lay at your feet at the time I mourn.
Do I murmur? For the day and the dream, perchance,
For the hope too high and the trust too true,
For the old repose and the old romance,
And love's last rapture—but not for you!

For dead and buried—I know not where—
Is the woman I worshiped a year ago.
You wear her smile and you wear her hair,
And your grace is the grace that I used to know.
But you are not she. And, because of you,
I never shall find her in life or death;
Nor anything tender nor anything true
While hearts have passion and lips have breath.

And so—no matter; I will not speak
One curse of the many that crowd my heart;
You are only a woman—wavionly weak—
And ever hereafter we walk apart.
Nay, never a word—our play is over,
All done, all gone; the lights are dim!
I am sick of the game, and your new found lover
May take my cues. Go back to him.

LESTER C. BROWNLOW.

Adonis is a merry, tricksy thing to make you laugh the hours away very pleasantly, though when you think it all over you find it difficult to put your finger on what you laughed at most. It is a combination of cobweb lightness with scintillating brilliancy, in which the jokes flash through a rainbow network of color, light and harmony, in which the twinkling of moving feet, the flow of tireless fun, the pulsing of soft music, the melodious cadence of sweet voices blend in a dainty, diaphanous whole. Yet without a Dixey it would be as flat as champagne without bubbles. Mr. Adonis Dixey is a very beautiful creature. He is a bright and clever boy, who, by good luck, fell into an age when the most specious cleverness is fully appreciated. Anything that is good of its kind is good. Everyone has his preference in kinds, but in his own way Dixey is simply and entirely delightful. It is a merry, pleasant, sunny way. He seems to have something of the temperament of someone's faun—Hawthorne's, wasn't it?—and laughs and sings and dances life away because he likes to.

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So much has been said of Dixey's legs that they have become historic, but nothing is ever said of his feet. They should not be passed thus coldly by, for if ever a pair of feet asserted themselves, they are the patent expansion feet of the handsome Dixey, from the moment he dashes into a clever breakdown on his marble pedestal, until he returns to it in a pair of excessively dirty white satin slippers. They are long and limber, and they seem to take on a new expression with every change of character. If your memory goes back, you can recall them as the hoofs of the heifer in Evangeline, and you saw them the other night change their action and expression as Dixey changed his make-up. They ran the gamut from the classic to the tough and back again, and adapted themselves to each development of the pleasant absurdities of Adonis as readily as the audience adapted itself to its humors.

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Dixey himself is the most inconsequential of men. He is merely a variety performer, it is true, but it is much more agreeable to see him darting and skimming about the stage like a swallow, in his beautiful costume with its flying ribbons, its floating laces and its gleaming jewels, than in the traditional calico trousers, wide shirt sleeves and deliberately humorous waistcoat we are accustomed to find on the variety stage. He is deft, quick and graceful in everything, and as a mimic he is inimitable. His imitation of Irving is really a compliment to the scholarly, talented and ambitious English actor. Dixey has not approached his task lightly. It seems careless enough on the surface, but though it readily provokes laughter it gives to those who have never seen him so exact an idea of the English actor, that it is something more than a merely humorous imitation. There is not a line that Time has scratched upon Irving's face, nor a wrinkle that study has plowed there which Dixey does not reproduce. He does not plunge into the imitation carelessly. He does not belittle or abuse the strange man who has done so much for the English stage. He has given the best he can to this imitation and he is one of the best of imitators. By accentuating Irving's peculiarities he burlesques them, but he does it so delicately that it never offends the canons of good taste. It is ridicule, of course, but the ridicule is as keen and fine as the bite of an acid. It is not the coarse, brutal blow of the ruffian's bludgeon.

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The Adonis girls are not the least attractive feature of this delicious performance. Their forms have been so extensively and so candidly advertised that it has become allowable to speak of them, even in print, quite as a matter of fact. They are well-formed, but they are not good form. They look handsome enough in their beautiful costumes, but they speak one and all with the accent of the wild, unploughed West, and they cannot sing at all. In fact, outside of the Clipper Quartette, no one can sing in the entire group from Dixey down. Dixey himself uses a quasi-recitative which is very effective. There is one of the girls—a silent one, who might sit for a Psyche, or any of the delicate-limbed goddesses—she is too fine for a Venus—and the scanty costuming of the Adonis chorus girls reveals with lavish liberality her flowing lines. The beauty of the others consists principally of the fact that they are are all too young to have outgrown their symmetry.

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After Dixey, the Athletic Four and the Clipper Quartette made the hit of the evening, although the crusty father of melodrama is a very good burlesque on old Couldock, and Miss Carrie Perkins, a voluminous beauty, plays the village maiden cleverly and well. The little tigers are good. The polished villain is all out of drawing. The actor has left out some of the polish and all of the villainy. He is by no means an unpolished actor, but the villain polish seems to be an unknown brand with him.

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While it ran, Adonis filled the Grand with people and with laughter. On Thursday night it was succeeded by Johnson & Slavin's minstrels who have given us one of the best of burnt cork performances.

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True Irish Hearts is a better play and in better hands than has been at the Toronto Opera House for some weeks. It was created, doubtless, to make people laugh, and it is in the parts devoted to this purpose that what excellence it has shines forth. As for the plot of the work, it will be sufficient to say that when a big brown bear and a mountain scene, which smack very strongly of the Pacific slope, are introduced into a play in juxtaposition with the beautiful Lake of Killarney and Blarney Bridge, the proprieties of time and place do not count for much. If the animal escaped from a circus it should be mentioned on the bill. Gus Reynolds makes a good "lad with a true Irish heart." His weakest point is in the pathetic parts, which he does not represent with the same ease and grace as he rattles off the quaint Irish humor. He sings remarkably well, but might cultivate more distinct enunciation sometimes, in speaking his lines. Miss Kittie Coleman makes a charming Kitty Brady. She is a bright little woman with a good stage presence and a nimble little body, which she frisks about with a considerable amount of pleasing abandon. The company is well balanced, and the performance goes with a snap and sparkle that makes it particularly enjoyable to those for whom Irish drama has many charms.

LOBBY CHATTER.

Wilson Barrett will make a tour of the States and Canada next season.

Joseph Anderson, Mary's brother, is shortly to wed Lawrence Barrett's daughter.

In inner professional circles it is reported that Mrs. Langtry will shortly tackle Lady Macbeth?

A seven-year-old dancer named Limido is the reigning stage sensation in Paris. She is credited with possessing limbs, ankles and "points" of steel.

In Chicago the girls carry a thick book with them to the theater to use as a "riser" on their seats so as to enable them to see the stage over a forest of high hats.

Little Lord Fauntleroy was produced at the Broadway theater, New York, Monday night, under the supervision of its author, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Rose Coghlan is playing Jocelyn in Chicago this week, Fanny Davenport and La Tosca are in Boston, Roland Reed and Mrs. McKee Rankin in New York, Jim the Penman in New Orleans and Clara Morris in Brooklyn.

A placard with the words "Back Shortly" has been extensively used to advertise the play of The Fugitive. It is posted in all sorts of places and in several instances has caused embarrassment to business men. At Lynn, Mass., last week the management were threatened with a suit on account of a difficulty which the placard had produced between a lawyer and client, the latter having come a long distance at an appointed time, to be confronted with "Back Shortly."

The Toronto, Can., municipal authorities lately compelled Lydia Thompson's agent to take down their picture posters from the walls and fences, and those who went to see the show now fear arrest, as Toronto is a very pious town.—*New York Sunday Mercury.* There are just one or two little inaccuracies in this paragraph. The authorities here neither compelled nor requested the suppression of any of Lydia Thompson's paper. Nor do those who went to see the show fear arrest. With these trifling exceptions the paragraph is probably quite correct.

Adonis Dixey tells an amusing anecdote of his first essay at "play acting." "With some other boys," says Mr. Dixey, "I had concocted a play, dignified with the alluring title of Walker's Ruin. We had rigged up a temporary stage in a small tenement my mother owned, and exhausted our capital in buying wall paper for scenery. The stage was rather shaky, and though we had marked the dangerous places with chalk, in some of the most affecting love scenes we were obliged to make undignified skips and jumps to avoid a calamity. The charge for admission was a farthing. With the first farthing we bought a candle, and as the receipts grew we added candles in proportion. The villain, I remember, was refractory. We wanted to kill him in the last act, but he objected. Though we assured him his death was indispensable, he remained cantankerous and repeatedly informed the audience that he wasn't dead yet. At last we got rid of him on the understanding that he should play the best part in our next piece. The performance ended prematurely after the second act, and, as we had spent the money, we had to give back the candle ends."

The Value of an H.

Charles Whymper, the well-known engraver and animal painter of London, told the following story a few years ago: "I dined at Alderman So-and-so's last night, and as a mark of honor his eldest daughter was assigned to me to take down to dinner. She's a bright girl, but the way she drops her 'h's' is enough to make her hair turn gray. But I got along very nicely with her and Lady Bletherington on the other side, until the ladies were on the eve of retiring to the drawing-room. The alderman had but recently moved out to Highgate and I was talking about the beautiful scenery near the house, the views to be had from the window, the fine air, and so on, when Miss —— suddenly said, 'I think I get prettier every day, don't you?' What could she mean? I didn't know how to answer her, so I said, 'I beg your pardon—what did you say?' 'I said I think I get prettier every day.' There was no mistaking her words, so I said, 'Yes, indeed you get prettier, and no wonder, in such fresh air around.' But just then she caught her mother's eye, and with the other ladies she rose and left the room. As she went out she looked back over her shoulder with such a withering scorn in her eyes that I knew I had put my foot in it somehow. Then it flashed upon me that I had misunderstood her; she had dropped an h. What she had said was not a silly compliment to herself—the sentence really was, 'I think Highgate.' Mr. Whymper was sure he never invited to Alderman So-and-so's again.

A Woman's Foot.

This paragraph has started on its rounds. "Every perfectly formed woman's foot—that is, the foot of every perfect woman—has the second toe longer than the great toe or any of the others." That is not the foot of the Medician Venus. No artist would so distort symmetrical anatomy. The great toe is the boss of the foot and ought to lead in proportions. The middle finger is the longest on the hand, but the toes of the foot are graded and should gracefully retreat from the great to the little toe. In the hand the strain is not on the thumb, but the big toe is often called upon to sustain the weight of the body. Dancers depend on the great toe for their most charming movements and educate its muscles to serve them faithfully. Taglioni's big toe enabled her to bring down the house at pleasure. There are few well-formed female feet now, owing to high-heeled and cramping shoes.

On Diverse Strings

Beyond the Blue.

For Saturday Night.

Beyond the Blue, stretches the vast unknown,
Where bravest soaring bird has never flown;
Where thought itself goes halting on its way,
Then, baffled, turns again to lower clay,
Without one atom found, nor point to clasp
Within the power of its humbled grasp;
Where reason shrinks in dread without a clue
To solve the mystery that rules
Beyond the Blue.

Beyond the Blue—with suns and moons below,
With all their puny brilliancy and show,
Lost in the glory of unmeasured space,
Illumed by the Great Creator's face,
A kingdom measureless—the great and all!
From which a million worlds can burn and fall;
The home of that Great Majesty that knew
And planned the universe
Beyond the Blue.

Beyond the Blue, the dwelling of the soul,
The hidden center of the mighty whole,
The Power that made and rules, to guide or stay
The worlds, suns, moons and stars upon their way—
Somewhere, there waits a crowning bliss for me,
A dream unfinished—for an angel, she
Left love, and life, and all, and upward flew
To claim her saint's reward
Beyond the Blue.

Beyond the Blue, a fair girl's spirit wings
Its joyous way; a girl's voice rings and sings
The gladness of a soul that left the sod
And fearless soared to meet her smiling God.
In all her spotless purity she tried
The mystic portal and the angels beside—
A needless ordeal, at her passing through
Unto her heritage
Beyond the Blue.

Beyond the Blue—with right to live and roam
At will above the jewelled, cloud-swept dome;
Beyond the glowing dawn and sunset fair,
Beyond the world's great rush of strife and care,
Beyond the ebb and flow of sorrow's tide,
Nestling in happy peace the Throne beside;
Waiting amid the hosts, she stands to do
The Master's honored task
Beyond the Blue.

Beyond the Blue—with the grand secret learned,
With angel-face expectant—earthward turned,
With eyes that haunt my dreams, scanning each face
For one poor supplicant for pardoning grace;
With that same look that her loved features wore
When love, and skill, and all, could do no more;
When her last breath was prayer to guide me too
Safe to her side at last,
Beyond the Blue.

Beyond the Blue, my spirit fain would fly
And solve the mysteries beyond our sky;
Read the real meaning of each fateful star
That gleams above unknown and afar,
Like ray of distant glory glancing fair
Through rents in our blue canopy of air,
Or twinkling beacons kindly lighted to
Guide wandering souls to bliss
Beyond the Blue.

Beyond the Blue she waits the closing day,
When I shall follow on the darkened way
And keep that promise made long years ago
When her faint pulse of life was beating slow;
A solemn pledge, sealed with a dying breath
And witnessed by the grim destroyer Death,
Grant Thou, O God! my life may prove me true
And I my pledge redeem
Beyond the Blue.

Beyond the Blue—gone and not gone! I know
Her spirit-presence stoops to earth below;
Unseen, unfelt, throughout the busy day;
But when the sunset's gold has turned to gray
And thoughtful quiet stills the eventide,
She hovers near unseen, my angel bride,
Eyes bright or sorrowful unerring view
Does le of the day, as they will stand
Beyond the Blue.

E. W. S.

To Gretchen.

Do you recall that day, my dear,
Begemmed with early dew,
The August air was crystal clear
And Heaven was cobalt blue.
We saw the glory from a scene
Of opal gladness born,
And watched the day-god peep between
The orient lace of morn.
And there along that stubbly way
With hand in hand we rambled,
And came upon the sandy bay
All canopied and brambled,
Through oozy pathway, where the brook
Sang solos on the sedges,
We reached a shadowy stone outlook
And sat down on its ledges.
The moments moved on perfumed feet;
The joy of absent words
Was broken only by the sweet
Disturbance of the birds
The sky had caught its liquid hue
From two blue eyes below,
And cloudy ships sailed on the blue
With phantom freights of snow.
I held your hand, my dear, my own,
I knew not time was fleet,
I scarcely heard that chanting tone
Of waters at my feet.
I thought you murmured sweetly then,
Though eloquently dumb;
It must have been that cascade when
It beat its airy drum.
I thought I pulled you to my side
And heard you softly sigh;
It must have been the summertide
When it went mocking by.
Why was the August zephyr such
A song so musical?
That I believed its Summer touch
My guardian angel's wing?
Some months have flown away since then
As Summers come and go,
The bees are humming in the glen,
And still the waters flow,
Still sweeps at times that daisied air
On memory's summertide.
And still I see you sitting there,
My Gretchen and my guide.
O, dear illusions, vague and vain,
Their phantoms come and flit;
'Twas Nature set her *mise-en-scene*,
And you were part of it.

NYM CRINKLE.

Tramp (to fussy old gentleman)—Will you please give me a penny, sir? I'm starving. Fussy old gentleman (producing a coin)—Dear me, starving! Can you change half-a-crown? Tramp—Yes, sir. Fussy old gentleman (pocketing the change)—Dear, dear, starving! Bless me, but this world is full of misery!

We never asked her to the ball;
No, sir!—that would have raised a row
Amongst the *elders!* but this is how
She was invited, after all:
A *private* member's kind invite
Was mailed to her that very night,
Which saved us from all future blame,
By sending in another's name.
In drove the curious public came
(But not, alas! the Gebhardt's flame),
And now you say, "Who ask'd her there?"
We neither know, nor do we care.
All that we know is, men confess
St. Andrew's ball a huge success!
That invite worked, and what care we
If tweedledum's like tweedledee!

THE COMMITTEE.

***

Verily, the great ball was a huge success, and what the St. Andrew's committee don't know in the way of taking the tide at the flood, is hardly worth knowing.

***

All things considered it was perhaps a wise thing on the part of the Lily to find herself too tired on Friday night to attend the ball. A good deal had been remarked both pro and con on the invitation sent to her, and, under the circumstances, it was just as well that illnature had no chance to assert itself. To the correspondent who writes asking about Mrs. Langtry's standing in English society, and whether she should be received here, I can only say that I would certainly rather appear at St. Peter's gate in her company than in that of some of the men who were at the ball last Friday night.

***

But I have no intention of interfering with the Society man who runs the second page, and all I have to say is the ball was a grand success, and if one of the sides did fall off the dais in the enthusiasm of the moment, it was doubtless from excess of joy in being back in Toronto once more, where pretty girls abound, and where sides are considered the sweetest fellows in the world.

***

Reader! if the following advertisement doesn't raise your bile, nothing will: "If this meets the eye of a Christian merchant who wants a clerk, or who can use his influence to get a young man into a situation, he will be doing a favor to the advertiser, and will win the reward—Ye have done it unto Me. Address Box E, etc." If Box E will only correspond with the undersigned he will hear of something to his disadvantage, and that would be punishment small enough for this inditer of canting appeals to Christian employers. But the dear old lady with a bag on her wrist and a well developed forehead, whose good-natured credulity is always successfully imposed upon, will take him by the hand with a benevolent smile and drop him like hot coals when she wakes up to a realization of his real character.

***

After all Buffalo Bill's hunting party, with Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Mandeville and one or two other "tufts," is off, and the great scout is now making preparations for astonishing the natives at *Paree* during the coming exhibition. That he will astonish them, and that the whole affair will go off like hot cakes is as certain as that he deserves all the luck he has fallen heir to, for a manlier, a more unassuming man than W. F. Cody doesn't exist to-day.

***

A well-known M.P. has been enjoying a cycling tour through Scotland in company with his wife. For the better manipulation of the treadles of the sociable, the lady adopted a costume very nearly resembling that of her husband; boots, gaiters, short skirt, jacket, and cap giving her a most masculine appearance. Late one night they arrived at a remote inn, marched to their room with their knapsacks, and then came down to supper. The astonishment of the host is best told in his own language: "Weel, 'twere nigh aicht o'clock, when twa men cam' in on a tricycecle. They gaed oop the stair, an' a mon and a woman cam' doon tae supper. Th' mon and the woman goed tae bed a' richt; but i' th' morn twa men cam' doon and rode awa'!"

***

A correspondent asks an explanation of Labouchere's brutal chuckling over the reported remark of Mrs. Endicott when Chamberlain first proposed for her daughter, that "there are five obstacles to such a marriage, two below ground and three above." In reply to this correspondent I would say that if such a remark was made, it alluded to Chamberlain's two dead wives and his three living children. But whether true or not, Labouchere's brutality in printing such a remark where he was bound to be seen by all the parties concerned is only another proof of his personal hatred for Mr. Chamberlain. ST. GEORGE.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Columns," SATURDAY NIGHT Office].

A. E. L. (City).—The superior wages earned by the mechanic on the other side of the line is more than counterbalanced by the increased cost of living. Taking everything into consideration the Canadian mechanic is just as well off as his American brother.

A. H. Fowlds (Hastings).—The leading booksellers of New York are Dutton & Son, McLaughlin Bros., and Richard Worthington.

J. A. C. (St. T——s).—Marriage is out of the question in such a case. Where consumption has seized one of the engaged parties, the only course to pursue, after fully satisfying yourself that the disease exists, is to break the engagement in as gentle a manner as possible. In a case of true love we should imagine one would be willing to wait for further developments, but, doubtless, you know the facts of the case best.

Glenthorpe's (City) letter arrived too late for reply in last week's paper. "Should one answer At Home card held in the afternoon from 4 to 7 o'clock?" Certainly! Why not? Common courtesy requires this much. How is your hostess to complete her arrangements unless she has some idea of the number she is going to entertain. The cards issued not having R. S. V. P. on the corner only shows that your hostess has properly discarded one of the vulgarisms of the last half century. Well-bred people don't need to be reminded, common sense and common courtesy should dictate one's course here.

Peterboro (Peterboro) asks: "Will you kindly tell me the correct way of pronouncing *Lochaber?* Do the people who live there pronounce it so as to rhyme with *Rockharbor?*" We leave the answer to this question to our readers, confident that amongst the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT there is some bonny Scot capable of answering it.

Ruby Violet (Toronto) asks if we know of anything "that will keep the face in a white condition." We are quite aware that many foolish young women use arsenic in order to produce a certain pallor of the skin that is as repulsive to the beholder as its producer is harmful to the user.

Nod calls our attention to "the Barriers in the Way," (an interview between Don and the Rev. A. H Baldwin), which appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT a fortnight ago, and asks for an explanation of Mr. Baldwin's quotation from the Dean of Ely's sentence, "You take the ordinary man when he goes to confess his iniquities, he desires to get off as lightly as possible, he wants to have as small a bill as he can, for he has to pay for every sin that he acknowledges having committed." Nod asks, "Does Mr. Baldwin mean that Romanists pay money for their sins? If not what does he mean?"

Ethel (Hamilton).—You are in the right. When guests are staying in the house it is always the hostess who gives the signal to retire for the night.

At the Lord Mayor's Banquet.

THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR.

Many people still think that the Lord Mayor's annual dinner is an orgie of turtle corrected by strong liquids. They labor under a sad misapprehension. The banquet is stately and—cold—with some trifling exceptions. I blushed when I compared my hansom with the splendid equipages which dashed up to the front door, and modestly stayed the hand of the driver when I got *en queue*, and declining with well-assumed hauteur the proffered hand of a portly policeman stepped lightly on to the carpeted corridor, and found myself in what seemed to be an elaborate festooned tent, crowded with noble swells. What a nightmare! You might as well try to describe all the costumes in one of Mr. Augustus Harris' great spectacles. Lackeys all aflame with gold and red and yellow and blue, for all the world like a flock of brilliantly plumaged parrots, bowed to me, abashed at all this splendor. I turned on my heel, and pulled myself together to face the ordeal of magnificoes in splendid furs and gorgeous gowns, with those enormous gold chains about their necks. I soon found myself in a gilded hall in which the Grenadier Guards were playing waltzes, and ladies in silks and satins, with diamonds on their fingers and diamonds in their hair, were chattering with dukes and peers and noblemen of high degree. At any rate, if they were not noblemen, they looked noble men. Imagine all this gorgeousness reflected in the mirrors, with a foreground of nodding palms and beds of rosy flowers. Like the bridegroom looking for his ring, I fumbled anxiously for my card, and handed it to an official at an imaginary turnstile, and turning to the right found myself at the end of a long avenue, lined on either side with juvenile troops in sombre green or grey. Alone I marched nervously along the thickly-carpeted avenue, which seemed a mile long. How thankful I was when I reached a short flight of steps, flanked with palms and bedded with flowers, and at last reached the haven of rest, but not quiet. Thick they came, these gorgeous guests, the flower of our splendid British citizens, with hearts of oak hidden away beneath the panoply of velvets and rich stuffs, I suppose. This was the Guildhall Library, a splendid Gothic hall, which you might easily mistake for a church. They came, and still they came, and formed in picturesque groups which filled the floor, and surged up to the remote end of the hall. For a time I kept my eye on Mr. Harry Furniss, who was on the alert for "character." Oh! the noses, and the whiskers, the crowsfeet, the other feet, and the hair, the eyes and the teeth, the mouths, the limps and the crawls, the scowls, and the smirks and the smiles, the nods and the bobs, the curtseys and the thousand and one queer characteristics of humanity. The famous chronicler of *Punch*, I can tell you, you ladies and gentlemen who thought you were unobserved—he's got you on his lists, and to posterity you'll go. It was really a very lively scene for an hour. Mr. George Lewis, cool and fresh, walks quietly in as if he didn't know the meaning of contention; Lord Charles Beresford, who had made a splendid naval toilet, stood in a corner discussing the Soudan with a broad-chested "millingtery gent" whom he hadn't met since "the desert." Toby M. P., with that sharp eye of his taking in the situation, and every hair of his head an interrogatory. Mr. Linley Sambourne receiving many congratulations for his clever invitation card, which seems to embody the history of London City. Then there were generals and M. P.'s resplendent in scarlet and silver, with swords clanking at their heels, but, to use an American expression, they were not a patch on the army of civic swells.

In those flowing robes of scarlet and blue, those ample furs, those shining Orders, those massive golden chains, those sparkling diamond rings, those sheeny silk stockings, those sparkling buckles, those striking cocked hats, who shall describe the glories of shrievalty, the splendor of aldermanhood, the magnificence of a councillor. Contrast them with the ascetic attire of the civic clergy, with the gowns of serge, and their triangular caps. Suddenly the heralds sound a tarantara tarantara, and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and a train of maids of honor, proceed up the narrow aisle to the end of the library, and receive their guests with all formality. There is a stir without in the corridor, "'tention" along the line of men who guard the passage, and in a minute the grave judges file in clad in their judicial robes, and wearing the judicial head-dress, Lord Esher leading the way. I was greatly amused by the cocky walk and perky appearance of Mr. Justice Grantham. There is certainly no accounting for the uncertainties of the law. Then Sir Henry James marched in with a young lady, and not long after another explosion of the heralds announced the arrival of the Ministers. First came Lord Salisbury, shoulders bent, face ravaged by the cares of statesmanship, who received a salvo of cheers. Then Mr. Balfour, looking pale as parchment and very haggard and worn. There is no doubt that the Irish Secretary is the idol of the city, and his reception on his entry—and afterwards, when he rose to speak—was far heartier than that accorded to his uncle. Lord Cadogan, a queer little man with a parched face and short black hair; Lord George Hamilton, the Duke of Rutland and the duchess, ablaze with diamonds, followed. The scene changes to the noble banqueting hall, with covers laid for about eight hundred guests, with just room for an army of Roberts to minister to you. In this huge area of seats the statues of Nelson, Pitt, Wellington, and others are very useful as finger-posts. I was told to take the top corner of Wellington, and those instructions were sufficient. Ladies and gentlemen file in and take their seats. The band in the gallery strikes up Handel's March in Scipio, the heralds trumpet, and the Lord Mayor enters, clad in his wonderful robes of office, with a lady in pink on his arm. Their respective trains are held up by a beautiful bevy of blushing damsels (maids of honor) in light blue, carrying bouquets, followed by the Prime Minister. Led by the heralds they march round the hall to their seats. Grace is said, and the feast begins. The army of waiters ran races, and the picturesque carvers, mounted up in two pulpits, robed in white, tower over us all, and wield their carving knives on the (cold) roast beef of old England. The Lord Mayor, the Ministers, the judges, and the ambassadors sit together, just in front of the oak sideboard, which is laden with gold plate. The gay dresses, the bright uniforms, the artistic millinery, the flowers, the gold and silver, help to make a scene which is splendidly picturesque. The Toast Master, who stands behind the Lord Mayor, has onerous duties to perform. "Pray change your glasses," "Pray change your glasses," was his cry. There would indeed have been work for the stipendiaries to-day if we had obeyed him.

Workworn.

For Saturday Night.

Across the street as humb's woman lives,
To her 'tis little fortune ever gives,
Denied the wines of life, it pun's us
To know how she can laugh so cheerily.
This morn I listened to her softly sing,
And marvelling what this effect could bring,
I looked, 'twas but the presence of a child
Who passed her gate, and looking in had smiled,
And self-encrusted, I had failed to see
The child had also looked and laughed at me.
The lowly woman thought the smile God-sent,
And singing thro' the sollesme hours she went.
O, weary singer, I have learned the wrong
Of taking gifts and giving naught of song.
I thought my blessings scant, my mercies few,
'Till I contrasted them with yours and you,
To-day I counted much, yet wished it more,
While but a child's bright smile was all your store.
If I had thought of all the stormy days
That fill some lives that tread less favored ways,
How little sunshine thro' their shadows gleamed,
My own dull life had much the brighter seemed.
If I had thought of all the eyes that weep
Thro' desolation and still smiling keep,
That see so little pleasure, so much woe,
My own had laughed more often long ago.
If I had thought how leaden was the weight
Adversity lays at my kinsman's gate,
Of that great cross my next door neighbor bears,
My thanks had been more frequent in my prayers.
If I had watched the woman o'er the way,
Workworn and old, who labors day by day,
Who has no rest no joy to call her own,
My tasks, my heart had much the lighter grown.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

'Varsity Chat.

The president entertained the gentlemen of the third year Saturday evening.

*

The pleasantest incident which has taken place here for many a year was the presentation to Prof. George Paxton Young, M. A., LL.D., of an illuminated address and handsome leather arm-chair, the gift of the members of the Philosophy classes for all the years. The occasion was the 70th anniversary of the professor's birth; he had reached the mystic three score and ten.

Towards the close of the 10 o'clock lecture on the 28th ult., the rear door of the lecture-room was surrounded by a jostling band of good-natured, joking students.

*

As the Professor passed out of the front the boys entered in haste, hopping over benches in true steeple-chase fashion in quest of a choice seat. Soon every seat but the front was filled. Many stood at the rear.

*

In a few moments the lady undergraduates in Philosophy filed in, blushing and expectant. The darling ladies! the professor is as much beloved by them as by any of us. The gallant applause which greeted them was itself worth going a mile or two to hear. Co-education is a principle acknowledged on all sides as correct and yet scarcely acclimatized. Time will work a change speedily, and for others remains the fulness of the gentle influence which we even now are glad to feel and acknowledge.

*

While I was thinking of all this, a mysterious hush fell on us, and in a moment entered the grand old man himself, than whom, as we think, there is no grander. The committee followed.

*

Mr. F. Tracy, '89, stepped forward and read an affecting address, as though he felt it. It told of the professor's fine enthusiasm, his ripe scholarship, his love of truth, and above all of his hold upon the hearts of his students, and his influence, which lasts into after years.

*

The reply was worthy of the occasion. The love of the heart shone through the glowing features. Surprise, gratification, emotion, all were conveyed to us in words which none could utter as he. He closed wishing that success might reward us all, and that when we came to be seventy or older we might find ourselves famed, honored and beloved.

*

There is no Thomas Hughes amongst us to tell how we felt. There are many Tom Browns.

NEMO.

Ellen Terry as Marguerite.

(See Page Three.)

Those who saw Henry Irving when he visited Canada may have seen him again, or a most excellent likeness of him, on the stage of the Grand Opera House this week, where he was "taken off" by the versatile Dion Boucicault and those who saw his partner, Miss Ellen Terry, when they appeared in Toronto will be glad to see our picture of her as she appeared in her great impersonation of Marguerite in Faust. Mr. Irving and Miss Terry have been taking a rest for some months before starting on their provincial tour in Faust. Miss Terry, accompanied by her son and her daughter, Ailsa Craig, has been traveling on the continent. Both of her children have a hankering for the stage.

Sweet "Robin Adair."

Longfellow, speaking of ballads, eloquently says: "They are the gypsy children of song, born under green-hedge-rows, in the leafy lanes and bypaths of literature; in the genial summer time, and many a life story is contained in the simple words of a favorite ballad." Nevertheless, we seldom realize what lies beneath the surface of the words we hear some of the simple old songs of our youth.

They are all, indeed, more or less epitomized versions of momentous incidents in their author's lives, which is sufficient to account for the sympathetic interest they awaken. They contain, although in a veiled form, that one "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

Perhaps one of the most generally known and popular songs of this type is Robin Adair. Its simplicity is so fascinating and it is pervaded by a ring of such genuine tenderness that it will ever be treasured as a model of its kind.

The circumstances under which it was composed are not generally known, and, as they are extremely interesting, lovers of the simple and touching little heart-lyric will probably be glad to be made acquainted with them.

Robin Adair was a real personage, who was born about the middle of the last century. He was a young Irish medical student who, in order to escape the consequences of some youthful indiscretion in Dublin, left the city and land of Holyhead, en route for London, Finding on reaching Holyhead that his slender means were exhausted he set out on his long journey on foot. He had not traveled far when he reached a carriage that had been overturned in the road, the occupant of which, Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, and a young lady of attractive appearance and manners, was greatly alarmed and slightly injured.

Adair introduced himself as a young surgeon, and attended to her. He then explained his intention of journeying to London, and, as she still felt nervous and apprehensive of further accident, she offered him a seat in her carriage and begged him to accompany her to the metropolis. On arrival she presented him with 100 guineas, and promised him her assistance in obtaining a start in his profession. This assistance speedily planed into affection, and, in spite of the opposition of her friends, she determined to marry the lover she had met under such romantic circumstances. She was sent abroad in the hope that she would abandon her intention, but without avail, and her health began to fail. She was then removed to Bath, England, and while here she wrote the verses that were destined to become familiar through the length and breadth of the civilized world, and adapted them to an old Irish melody, Eileen Aroon, of which Robin Adair was very fond.

Continued separation made such inroads on her health that she became dangerously ill, and her medical attendants despaired of her life. Then her parents relented and the faithful and devoted pair were married.

Humor and Humorists.

No one has ever yet succeeded in giving a definition of humor. Lord Macaulay failed, like the rest of us, to say what humor is, and he rested content with elaborately showing what it is not. His instances have become famous, but they are not particularly happy. Old Fuller called the black man "the image of God carved in ebony." That, says Macaulay, was humor. Someone else capped Fuller by describing the white man as "the image of the devil carved in ivory." This will serve, perhaps, but it is by no means altogether satisfactory. Perhaps our best plan will be to pick out better instances, and endeavor to catch the subtle and tricksy element that way. We must get rid of the idea that the humorist is always laughing; on the contrary, he is most successful when he presents a grave and melancholy aspect. Take, for example, Mark Twain's story of Jim Baker and the Jays. Here the narrator is a solemn, simple soul who takes himself and his queer beliefs quite seriously. He is certain that he understands the language of animals, and he is even hypercritical enough to accuse cats of using bad grammar. Half the fun of the story depends on the allusions to blasphemous language, yet the refinement of the whole piece is simply incomparable. The blue jay cannot fill up a hut with acorns, so he lands himself against the chimney and commits relieving his feelings. "He collected his impressions and began to free his mind. I see in a second that what I had mistaken for profanity in the mines was only just the rudiments, as you may say." The solemnity and accuracy of the speaker are irresistible, and we have yet knew a man of Anglo-Saxon breed who could read that chapter without laughing to excess. Dickens never fails to be humorous when he makes the effort; and in his best pieces no effort is ever visible. How is it that he could draw loathsome, contemptible characters, and yet convince us all the while that he was humorous and not merely witty? It is because the smile never leaves him; he always manages to let us know, if it is only by the burlesque turn of a phrase, that he is smiling—and his smile is too lofty to be acidly contemptuous. Few of us have failed to laugh over the last appearance of the Shepherd at the "Marquis of Granby." Mr. Weller's performance is really cruel in the extreme if we look at it with the eye of the surgeon; but when we read that Mr. Weller "threw all his energies into one most *complicated* kick," the absurdly happy epithet which is italicized takes us by surprise, and we are amused in spite of the realistic picture of the Shepherd's writhings. That immortal scene is sufficient in itself to show the utterly elusive character of humor; a dull, hard-headed man could prove logically that the narrative is brutal and coarse, and that Mr. Weller's conduct was cowardly, savage, and mean; but then what do we care for the arguments of hard-headed persons? The narrative is humorous, and there is an end of the matter.

One Way of Doing Things.

She—George, there's Timmins the draper, over there. Have you paid his bill yet?

George—Well, no; but I wrote and said that if he would send round punctually at ten tomorrow, I'd let him know when he could call again.

All Round the Globe.

A French *savant* has been calculating the time required to perform a journey round the earth, with the following result: A man walking day and night, 428 days; a railway train, 40 days; sound, at a medium temperature, 32½ hours; a cannon ball, 21½ hours; light, a trifle over one-tenth of a second; electricity, a little under one-tenth of a second.

Real Mean of Her.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Zinnegan. They told me yees was rale sick."

"Yis, Mrs. Mudroony."

"An' how d'yees feel now?"

"Oh, I'm quite well again."

"That's rale mane in yees, Mrs. Zinnegan, an' me walkin' tin blocks jist to see yees."

Hands Off!

Alpine Tourist (to Swiss dairymaid): "I say, my pretty maid, how far is it from here down into the valley?"

"If you don't stop on the way you'll be there in a couple of hours."

"And suppose I stop with you a bit?"

"Then you'll be down in less than no time!"

The Waste Basket.

A Connecticut bee keeper refuses to endorse the "quality of mercy," because it "is not strained."

"Thirteen is a mighty unlucky number," thought the prisoner, gazing at the judge and jury as he heard the verdict—Guilty.

Flattery—It's raining, boys! De Pigster—Oh, well, never mind that, Flattie, old sox; but if it gets to raining girls, please notify me!

Lady (to new servant)—Bridgitta, make me an omelette. Servant—An omulet? Yes mum, Vil yez have it made out of soft or hard-biled iggs?

Mr. Oldbeau (slightly deaf)—Darling, how your heart beats to-night; is it because I have proposed? Evalina—What you hear, sweetest, is the servant pumping water to the third floor.

Biddy—Now, sir, that your wife has gone to Europe, can't I replace her in some little attentions to you? Smith—Yes; fling a tea-pot at me.

Enthusiastic Lover—I will be to you, darling, a husband, a bridegroom, a sister, a lover, a father, a— Amy—Never mind the "father," but go on with the list.

"Papa," said Freddie, who has lately manifested some very deplorable mental tendencies, "is it proper to say that the sun sets?" "Yes; certainly." "Well, what for?" "So's to hatch out the moon."

"Ah, Brown, one moment," said the poet, "Can you suggest a title for my book of poems? It is to be published in the spring." "Is it a collection of your published works?" "Yes." "Call it Hard Lines."

Miss Travis—Oh, what dreadful tortures they used to practice in the middle ages? Think of breaking a man on a wheel! De Smith—No worse than nowadays; you never saw me out on my bicycle, did you?

"They are working on a new telescope," observed De Smith, "that will bring the moon within sixty miles of the earth." "If the moon is really made of old cheese," remarked De Cantur, "that's close enough."

Student—Before leaving the institution, I wish to express my gratitude for the instruction I have received. To you, Professor, I owe all I know. Professor—You are very kind, but it is hardly worth mentioning.

An Iowa schoolteacher, on trial for whaling a scholar, told the jury thus he meant to administer a very light punishment, and he didn't believe he hit the boy fifty blows. A regular licking would have meant five hundred blows.

Scientific men say that dreams never last more than a minute, but any man who has ever fallen about 15,000 feet down a mountain precipice, or dodged a creditor all over the roofs of the city of his nativity, knows better than that.

A Halifax fisherman found a bottle of champagne in a big fish which he captured the other day. The fish must have swallowed the bait belonging to a previous party of fishermen. To lose so much bait and the fish too was hard luck indeed.

A man in the west is to be hanged for a murder committed thirty years ago, when he was 40 years of age. This is one of the disadvantages of growing old. If the prisoner had died when he was 65 he would have escaped the gallows.

Germany is progressing rapidly in her efforts to de-Galicize the language. For instance, the army no longer refers to the night patrol as the *patrouille*, but as the *truppenbeleuenachtigspaziergang*, which, we are sure, is a far more impressive word.

High-spirited Wife—Jerome, I will not put up with your shameful conduct any longer. If you do not reform I shall leave you. You must choose between your wife and whisky. Husband (brokenly)—I-julia, I can't do it, t' shave m' life. I love y' both too well!

"Ah! there!" called Joseph Smith of Aurora, Ind., to Mrs. Hempstead the other afternoon, and she replied by jabbing the end of her parasol into his left eye and destroying the sight forever. Joseph won't be half so funny during the remainder of his days.

George, keeper of the Central Park menagerie hitched an elephant to a shed for the purpose of moving it about twenty feet, and when old leviathan got started he kept on going and couldn't be stopped for half a mile. By the time the trees had knocked the shed to pieces.

A mild smash occurred a short time ago upon a South American line. A passenger train ran slap into a truck left standing on the track, and of the leading journals of the country blandly remarks: "There appears to be a truck left permanently standing on every line up the country," and then, brightening up, adds—"That truck, however, will never stand on the line again."

The physician of George II. was a certain Dr. Mead, whose father was minister of the Stepney Meeting-house. Everybody has heard of the common medical trick of fetching the doctor out of church to attend to a patient; but it is said that when Mead was a young man his wide-awake old father improved upon this. Whenever the young doctor was fetched out of his father's chapel, the old gentleman would pause in the middle of his discourse, and say with much feeling, "Dear brethren, let us offer up a prayer for the poor patient to whom my son has gone to administer relief."

SECOND OF OUR "FAMILY FAVORITE" STORIES.

GUELDA.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

"Penniless!" After having known the sharp cravings of want, to be filled with good things, to become an heiress, a beauty, a spoilt child of society for one brief season, and then to be suddenly cast down again from one's height of bliss—a girl left without a farthing and with a little brother dependent on his young sister, their best protector just laid in the cold grave—"It is bitter—it is very bitter!" sighed Guelda to herself.

For two or three days after Lord Loudon's funeral Guelda was very ill. The strain of night-nursing after her long journey from Scotland and her anxieties of mind had been too much even for her young strength. But on the third morning she arose, though rather late, and, with her sweet face pale and fair as an ivory carving, set off by her heavily crape-trimmed mourning, went down the long corridors of Sheen. The old servants who met her gave her pitying glances—she had seen a pleasant young mistress to them, but now her reign was over.

Guelda looked two or three years older this morning because of a new gravity on her brow. Her eyes were as clearly brown as ever, but a certain sparkle of hope was quenched in them. Her whole countenance expressed a hard-won resignation and gentle patience ill-suited to her years. Her step had lost its elasticity, and her heart was more heavy by far than her frock. And all this was because of a certain resolve to which the young girl had come in the last three days, after a long and severe inward struggle. Her heart seemed dead, her life a joyless protraction of days, months, years.

Suddenly a childish laugh rang loudly from the terrace outside which made Guelda start as she went down a long stone passage.

"Who can Bino be playing with? No doubt some garden boy or gardener's lad he may be angry at the noise outside the study," she thought, recognising Bino's childish treble.

Gently unlatching one of the old-fashioned windows, Guelda looked out. To her great surprise, Bino and the new master of Sheen were together on the terrace below her; and the stranger uncle, from which she instinctively shrank, whom Bino had so stoutly declared he "hated," was walking with his arm round his little nephew's neck. Both were laughing heartily, apparently on the best of terms, and the boy, aping a manly strut and puffing out his cheeks, was blowing small clouds of smoke from a cigarette with an air that caused the elder man to shake his sides with mirth.

"May I speak with you on some business when you can spare time, uncle Robert?" asked Guelda, presently, standing sad and unconsciously severe, her pale face and graceful, dark figure framed in the doorway like a living embodiment of that mourning for the dead they two had so lightly forgotten.

"My time is always at your disposal, my pretty niece," replied Seaton, with his insinuating smile, but with the new frost took out of its course of his eyes which the girl already hated. "Shall we come to the blue-room? It is my favorite. You don't mind my smoking?" —and he let the weed fall, as they passed, beneath Guelda's own sanctum, the tapestry-chamber.

"I only object to Bertrand smoking. He is too young, and has not been well and strong lately," answered Guelda, with a grave sweetness, looking at her little brother.

Bino's pretty face flushed; he hung his head, but hid his cigarette behind him.

"Don't be angry with him—it's all my fault!" put in Uncle Robert, with apologetic good humor. "Boys will be boys, you know, and, upon my life, he's such good company, he makes me nearly die of laughing! How are you now? I was really sorry to hear you think you were ill—I was, I assure you. I hope those fools of old servants looked after you?"

"I am quite wel again, thank you," said Guelda, whom the housekeeper had nursed with affectionate care; "an that is what I wish to speak about. It will be better for my brother and me to leave Sheen"—her lips refused to say "your house"—"as soon as possible."

"You don't say so! And pray may I ask where you are going to?" exclaimed her newly-found uncle, in a broad tone of apparently good-humored jeering surprise.

Yet Guelda asked herself afterwards with a puzzled doubt: Was he really surprised? Back to critisise the words of the very few individuals whom she disliked, her sensitive ear seemed to detect a false note in his voice; the mockery alone was quite natural in its ring, and surely there was a slightly malicious triumph in the smile lurking in the corners of his mouth!

Perhaps her uncle guessed her doubt by her expression, Guelda's thoughts being as clearly to be seen in her face as pebbles in a mountain brook. Changing his tone, he took on instant gravity and assuming a tone of coarsely-pitying concern, he added, leaning his elbow on his knees and resting his head on his hand, while his eyes fixed themselves on the beautiful young girl opposite to him with a gaze that was intently keen, though carefully veiled—

"You know, you and he—jerking his thumb towards her brother—"have not a farthing to bless yourselves with; and I am sorry, very sorry to say it!"

"That is all the more reason then, uncle Robert, that we should not be any longer dependent on your bounty," replied Guelda, with spirit, her color rising and her eyes brightening.

"And what would you do?" asked her uncle, with disagreeable slowness.

"I mean to work for us both, and support my brother as I used to do, until he is old enough to work for himself."

"Oh, Guelda, are we going back to that nasty old pig-sty of a cottage?" asked Bino, with a cry of dismay; and, regardless of Guelda's whispered entreaties in his ear to have more pride and assurance that all would be right, the little lad buried his hands in his curly hair and sobbed.

"I'm blest if I'll allow anything of the kind! You two ain't going to leave my house without my leave!" exclaimed the new Lord Loudon, throwing off the polite manner of speech which ever seemed such an effort to him, and bringing down his hand flat upon the table with a force that made Bino leap from his seat in his shoes. "What—to have it said that my dear brother's two children were turned out of Sheen Abbey by me? Why, what the devil do you more do you want? You are both of you beggars; but I am your uncle, and a kind enough one, too, as you shall find out, and I'll give you your home, board, lodging and clothes; and, if you choose to go away, it will be your own fault—there!"

"Thank you, uncle Robert," said Guelda, irresolutely, as Bino's big sobs kept bursting out still with obstinately noisy grief, making her heart ache. "I do, indeed, acknowledge your kindness; yet, since we are beggars, as you say, surely it is natural to wish to support oneself instead of being dependent on your bounty!"

"You could take your grub and finery quick enough from the old man without such almighty pride!" came back, with a coarse laugh, which was, however, obviously meant to be conciliating.

The tears sprang to Guelda's eyes as she murmured:

"That was different."

But neither of her hearers heeded her; for uncle Robert had turned to little Bertrand, who was still wiping his eyes, and said, giving him a noisy clap on the shoulder—

"Cheer up, my son! You and I don't part company yet. Why, you're my heir, you know, and we must make a man of you; and by Jove, so we will! O-me-don't mind your sister! Not that I want to part the boy against you, my dear"—this soothingly to Guelda—"but, you see, girls never understand how a boy should be brought up; they want to make mollycoddles of them always. You heard your grandfather telling me to be guardian to you both, so you'd best trust to me. Bertrand here shall have his pony and his servants, and live like a gentleman—eh, my little gamecock! See if you don't!"

"You will see to his education, of course, uncle Robert," pleaded Guelda, with sisterly anxiety; while Bino dried up his tears and looked up with a brightening face. "Grandfather wished him so much to read with the curate here until he was strong enough to go back to school."

"The curate—that Parson Slowtoes, as I call him—whom I saw at the funeral? Well, I should think Bertrand could teach him a thing or two already—eh, old chap?"—with a wink at the little nephew, who naturally grinned as in duty bound, though his large black eyes sought his sister's face shyly a few minutes later with a half-defiant, half-apologetic affection. "All right," went on their guardian, preparing to leave the room, and laying a hand on Bino's shoulder by way of intimation that the latter had become his plaything and was not to be parted from him—"he must go back to his lessons presently; and we won't laugh at 'old Slowtoes,' or sister will scold us. Come along, my boy! No, no, my dear girl—not another word on this subject!"

Guelda was beaten.

The girl looked after her uncle and little brother with a line of trouble puckering her fair young brow, and clasped and unclasped her hands as conflicting resolves crossed her mind.

"I must wait," she murmured wisely to herself at last—"wait and see. This is delicate, and, though I hate the feeling that we are to eat this man's bread henceforth, that is no reason for risking my poor little brother's health, and certainly cutting short his childish pleasures and perhaps his comforts. Grizel will help me to find work some day. But ought I to leave Bino yet?"

There was no doubt about it. Guelda owned to herself that she had conceived towards her uncle one of those reasonless inveterate dislikes which the best of women sometimes entertain towards some being who has done them no harm, who may even be trying to please them.

"My mind tells me it is wrong, but his very approach makes my flesh creep with dislike," concluded the girl truthfully to herself.

CHAPTER XIX.

There was rather more than nine days' gossip in the neighborhood soon over the late events at Sheen Abbey.

That Miss Seaton was no longer an heiress excited some pity; for, after all, she is so pretty, it doesn't much matter," said the maidens, feeling fortune fair for once. Some of the young men, more worldly prudent, thought it did matter, however, she was certain to become Duchess of Islay, so it made no difference to them.

The extraordinary news of Robert Seaton's return was the main topic. Still he had left the country so young, and Lord Loudon had lived such a hermit-life for many years, that curiosity was cooler than would otherwise have been the case.

"Those Seatons were always strange—the very so they got Sheen Abbey was queer," said the older scandalmongers, who remembered the story of the famous game of cards.

Nevertheless a good deal of malicious gossip against Robert Seaton for returning to life in such an unlooked-for manner, long files of young ones pitying him, and, of course, the occupants of which left cards at the Abbey.

Whatever secret hopes the new lord's neighbors cherished as to "what he would be like" were soon however crushed and disappointed. Their cards were received at Sheen, but its new master refused to receive any visitors. He would not go out himself, and excuses were asked to dine—even in a quiet way with the nearest neighbors—was seen neither in church nor at the county-town ball.

At the same time word went round that he was a regular misanthrope, and had shut himself up as hermetically as did the old lord for so many years, until his young granddaughter dawned like Aurora over the darkness of his life. "Like father, like son," people said, shaking their heads; and by Christmas-time the new Lord Loudon's existence among them was almost unheeded.

Guelda however did not agree in the axiom so popularly accepted. This son brought a very different element into his seclusion from the atmosphere of retirement, of leisurely interest in *belles-lettres* and somewhat old-fashioned science, that became an accomplished if lonely gentleman, which had surrounded her grandfather.

No; uncle Robert was very different in his tastes. She had asked leave to address him as "uncle Robert," for to give him the Loudon name in any way seemed like touching the still raw wound of her sorrow. Guelda had loved the lonely old man, and this lord was so different from the last one!

Uncle Robert soon announced that he despi-ed fine company; "a jolly chap or two to help a man in finishing his bottle of wine" was his idea of society. The boon companions who were thus invited to dine and drink late in the great dining-room at Sheen would have made the old lord turn in his grave could he have seen them—a sporting village doctor, a horse-dealer, one or two shady scions of small county families introduced in association by the first named gentry. These helped their host to empty the crusty '47 port, or the fine East Indian Madeira, carousing loudly until the small hours.

Old Hillis and the housekeeper had not long to grieve over such a sad change from the old order of things, for Bino's little sister had respectfully made known their joint intention of setting up housekeeping together in the village, having been engaged to be married quite five and-twenty years. The new lord, whose father they had so long served, gave them to understand that had they not come to this decision he had meant to request them to quickly about their business. When Guelda put in a timid plea that they might be granted a month's notice, he had laughed in her face—a quiet sneering laugh she disliked even more than his other coarsely jovial one.

"My dear, not I! You may take it for certain they have feathered their nest pretty well at my expense already."

There was little regret when the old servants and their late young mistress parted. An almost general sweep of the rest of the household followed. Guelda's French maid alone being spared.

"There is nothing like a change—new ones take better to new ways," said uncle Robert carelessly to his niece; "but I'm keeping Julie for you—you'd be sorry to lose her, I know."

It was nearly on the girl's lips to say she should not grieve more than she did to lose Julie. In the last few weeks the abigail's manner had grown almost insolent at times. From having been slavishly devoted to her young mistress, the instant that she knew of Guelda's loss of her promised fortune Julie showed plainly that she considered her own situation as dependent upon the new master's pleasure, to whom therefore she alone owed allegiance. Yet in a flighty hot-headed way the Frenchwoman was somewhat fond of Guelda, who had always been very kind to her. This liking she now showed by an irritating air which was almost patronising. Her services had become favors; what was still more annoying, she took upon herself to give her mistress some very open hints concerning Islay; it was her opinion that to secure so fine a fortune and title as belonged to the duchy would be such a success as only a London lady of position but would give five years of her life to accomplish.

Although Guelda disliked these remarks once pretty sharply, Julie was not to be beaten, but persisted in obtruding more hints on every occasion, adding at last a broad insinuation that she herself would be pleased to give her own services in helping the affair—which assistance might be more valuable than perhaps people fancied. Angered at this, Guelda forbade her with such displeasure to venture on the subject again that the maid did stop. With a dark look and a short laugh, she muttered so as to be heard, however—

"Mademoiselle apparently does not recognize when one wishes to do her a service; but pride may have a fall yet!"

Guelda would have asked to have her maid dismissed, but a lurking suspicion had crept into her heart that her uncle might refuse. Twice she herself had met the waiting-maid coming out of the red hung study with a cautious air that changed to brazen assurance and obviously untruthful and volubre explanations on being questioned. More often she suspected from many little signs and tokens that such meetings constantly took place.

Julie was a swarthy but handsome woman, still, though decidedly nearing middle-age. One week after the funeral Julie had been given a pleasant south room, by her new master's permission, instead of her former small temporary sleeping chamber. She was alert, dress, and merely played at her calling. What did it mean? Guelda, after a few weeks, could not but notice all these apparent trifles, which were the most trivial of her troubles, almost utter seclusion of the present life at Sheen.

Though young, she had seen, from having been thrown much on her own resources in childhood, much of life's bitter experiences, poor girl! In her lonely cottage existence, in the days when she had to be her brother's friend and her little brother, the seamy side of human nature had been often forced before the young girl's view. But her pure brown eyes had shrunk frequently with a shudder, and her soul had pitied. With her head high, she had gone her way among the rough miners and foresters, never forgetting her birthright of gentle dignity and the care of conduct it entailed; and the rude but kindly folk had respectfully and sometimes silently protected her.

Suddenly raised to the enjoyment of her grandfather's rank and riches, his petted and beloved heiress, the young beauty had been wise enough to discern that thorns still lurked among the roses in her new paradise. She delighted joyously in life, yet sagely came to the conclusion that human nature was much the same in cottage as in hall, in lonely forest village as in a town. Nevertheless what good friends she found—how happy she was!

But now for the first time Guelda tasted the bitterness of being forbidden honest work whilst living wholly dependent on the caprice of a relative whom she disliked, and, as she soon owned, also feared. With wits early sharpened however, thanks to poverty's grind stone, the young girl quickly understood her uncle and what it behoved her to do. First she learned to control her own countenance, no longer showing her thoughts clearly therein for all to read as heretofore; next she tried to watch others closely, yet to remain herself unnoticed. The first result of this observation was, curiously, to acquit her uncle in part of the possible gallantry towards Julie with which she had at times been disposed to credit him. Once or twice Guelda, passing by unknown, overheard him speaking very politely to Julie. The maid looked back, but answered pertly, in a defiant undertone, as if secure of her position.

A new idea grew up in Guelda's mind and presently took possession there. Julie was uncle Robert's spy! Taught by her own instinctive dislike of him, the niece guessed rightly that this aversion was returned by her uncle with curious interest. At first he had been somewhat fulsomely flattering and disagreeably affectionate in the blandishments with which he had tried to win his niece, as little Bino had been easily drawn to him; but, when Guelda shrank visibly from all these advances, her guardian changed his mood and began to take keen pleasure in annoying her by his manner of underhand ways.

His new lordship had a most sensitive wish to stand well in the opinion of the outside world, although he seemed to feel that he had shut himself for the world's sake in his grandfather's birth. His niece soon became aware that he would not try to quarrel openly with "his dear brother Bertrand's orphans," and she saw he regarded herself in the light of a future duchess who ought, if possible, to be propitiated beforehand—for he had a slack adulation for rank and wealth superior to his sex; but, should she fail to make this marriage, Guelda knew that he would treat her at once as an enemy. Already he had been displeased at the expenses for her mourning, although shamed by Julie's loud protestations, the maid's display of black attire for this last lord being far more ostentatious than Guelda's own.

Furthermore, the poor girl had not a farthing of her own money to spend, beyond a little hoard she kept carefully for possible future necessities. This was what remained of her grandfather's last munificent birthday gift. At this sign of parsimony Julie likewise grumbled a little.

"It is miserly when milord is so rich—ridiculous!"

Grateful for even so much womanly sympathy, though offended at the patronizing air with which it was given, she told Julie gently sagely reflected that a spy who had a fitful liking for the victim was better at least than one who was openly gainsay an enemy.

Meanwhile, what had become of Ronald Airlie all these weeks? Immediately after her departure from Islay Castle and the news of old Lord Loudon's death, Guelda received daily letters from him so brimming with affection, so full of tact in his manner of showing sympathy with her sorrow, that they were her hourly consolation.

When the news that there was no will came like a thunderbolt upon the small family party—although, as the family lawyer suggested and all agreed, the late lord had only destroyed his last one in order to make a different disposition of his money and seven-year-long-lost little Bertrand, according as old Hillis related his late master's last coherent remarks—Guelda wrote to Ronald, begging him not to come, yielding a pathetic entreaty, "Come down and see me about this very soon, I implore of you—come for my sake, just this once!"

"I cannot write to him coldly that we must part for his own good; but I can explain matters to him. He will understand when I tell him that Bino is a helpless child whom it is my duty to care for and support, and that my little lad and I will not be burdens about his neck," thought poor Guelda proudly, wiping away the great hot tears that welled up to her eyes.

She knew well that Ronald would generously declare that little Bertrand must henceforth be his charge as well as hers—that the loss of her fortune was as nothing in his eyes—nay, that he would rejoice in showing her that his love at least was disinterested. But had not Grizel once by chance laughingly observed to her cousin that Islay himself would have made a better poor man than Airlie? The Duke's tastes, indeed, were far more simple, and his delight in his own wide-spreading moors, noble woods and coverts, in his grand historical houses in England and Scotland, filled with the treasures of art and family relics, precious heirlooms through centuries, and his pleasure when entertaining crowds of guests, consisted in the still greater enjoyment Ronald Airlie, his more than brother, took in all these luxuries of sport and princely hospitalities that were so well suited to his generous and genial nature.

Ah, yes, Guelda knew the jesting words were true; and Lady Grizel little guessed at the time how deeply they had sunk into one listener's heart. "I will tell him when he comes—for I must—I must—I must!" the poor lady-bye," she thought, in passionate renunciation.

So she waited; but no answer came. Day by day, week by till a month was past; but still no letter in the loved handwriting gladdened her aching eyes. Each night she said to herself, "He will come to-morrow"; and to-morrow she tried to stay her sinking heart with the hope, "He will not write, because he is coming before his letter—perhaps he is on his journey at this very minute.

No news came lately from Grizel; but this was only because the latter had business herself on leaving Scotland in the details of her plan for dedicating her life henceforth to the poor. In a letter of condolence on the death of her uncle, Grizel mentioned her, and guessed the brief but significant news that she herself was about to enter a sisterhood immediately, in order for a while to learn the rules—and to resolved to receive no letters during her probation, lest her mind should be diverted to worldly subjects, and trusted Guelda would not think her unkind.

Poor Grizel had her own secret trouble, with which she was battling. She of course never knew Guelda's secret, and innocently sanctioned, that Guelda was again plunged into poverty; the future sister of mercy had only pictured her unconscious rival as rich, free and counseled her sympathetically grief for the happiness of possessing Ronald Airlie's love.

There was no help, therefore, from Grizel; but, in spite of all, Ronald would write him self, Guelda thought it shame to ask news of him. As to Islay, after the scene in the glen, he forced herself to remember that he had become odious to him for a while. The party was soon broken up, and he had started in his yacht on a solitary cruise.

CHAPTER XX.

Of all the neighbors around Sheen, Lady Ermyntrude Gamble alone succeeded in making the new master of Sheen unpopular.

The faded beauty had looked upon Guelda with sharp jealousy, as having entirely conquered, and yet, at first sight the love of Islay, whose waning intentions had till then been retained at much pains by her ladyship. Nevertheless, as a clever woman of the world, she had discovered her foe, and become one of Guelda's most enthusiastic flatterers in addressing old Lord Loudon and thus won upon the grandfather as to have herself and her rich, vulgar spouse invited to the harvest revels. Thence the duke asked them on to Islay, feeling a surprised gratitude for the sensible manner in which the object of his former boyish allegiance bore his desertion of herself, even in confidence congratulating him on his new "real love," sighing just a little, as if in contemplation of his future happiness—a happiness which she herself had missed in marriage.

When it was whispered among the guests at Islay Castle that handsome Ronald Airlie was the duke's successful rival, none had been so inwardly glad as Lady Ermyntrude. And now that she was once more at her county seat near Sheen, and heard the news of Robert Seaton's return and of old Lord Loudon's death thereby, she resolved to find out exactly how "the land lay."

Several intimate neighbors had kindly endeavored to see Guelda herself since the funeral; but all were refused admittance by uncle Robert's express orders. Lady Ermyntrude however got out of her carriage at the lodge, and took her way to the house by a devious path which she knew led through the overgrown shrubbery and gardens of Sheen. Asking for information of any gardener or woodman whom she met as to the likelihood of finding Miss Seaton or the new Lord Loudon, she was at last at once pointed out to her ladyship. He was solitarily smoking a pipe under a sunny peach wall, sauntering with his thumbs in his waistcoat arm-holes, a soft hat on the back of his head, and an expression of satisfied enjoyment on the pale smooth-shaven countenance raised skywards.

Lady Ermyntrude paused.

"A cold cruel face—very like his picture, but grown harder no doubt with age," she thought, inconsistently unseen. "What a bad carriage and vulgar walk, acquired evidently among low people—just what I expected from his cameo!"

Then she went forward swiftly and held out both hands with the sweetest of smiles, congratulating the astonished master of Sheen on his fine home, and hoping prettily that he would excuse the liberty in a neighbor and old friend of the family of thus trespassing on his ground in order to see Miss Seaton. Surprised by her doctor, therefore had ventured to leave her carriage. And did he not remember her? As a little child—indeed—when in the nursery, she might say—laughing coquettishly—she surely recalled Robert Seaton coming to stay at her father's place in Essex; and the children used to be very fond of him, she believed—would that bring her back to his memory?

"As you, I should have known you anywhere!" she added fluently, although the visit referred to was almost apocryphal; she had a more vague idea that in long-gone days she might have met young Robert Seaton.

The new lord, now a wide awake man, was quite aware of her clever ruse; but, with his dark eyes watchfully fixed on her face in corners, he accepted this feat of memory with a queer little smile, covertly pocketed his pipe, and, though considerably annoyed at being taken thus unawares in spite of his known dislike to visitors, allowed himself to be amused. He conducted Lady Ermyntrude through the gardens and back to the house, both entertaining each other so well that there was very little time left when her ladyship remembered that she had come to visit Guelda.

As the young girl appeared, looking very pale in her deep mourning, the visitor at once became subdued and sympathetic.

"Poor dear! So sad! To think of how gay we all were so lately!" she murmured, sighing. "I fear your grandfather went out far too much in London—don't you?—it was too great a strain for a man of his years."

Then, after a few minute inquiries as to the late lord's sudden death, she gently and ingeniously calculated to open afresh the wounds of her hearer, her ladyship added, with a livelier manner and a condescending smile:

"And what news from Islay? Are you who were at Islay Castle—eh? You know"—turning to her host—"this dear girl had some great friendship with—"

"The Duke and Lady Grizel are very thick with her, I believe, answered uncle Robert, with his cameo face.

His niece murmured some confused words.

"Oh, I don't mean the Duke!" exclaimed Lady Ermyntrude, with a laugh that perhaps ought to say one other still greater friend—in fact, I hoped to be allowed to congratulate her upon her engagement to Captain Airlie. Well, I suppose—as Guelda has established mute—"however, some day it is certain to be announced. I feel confident. Good-bye, dear! Thanks, Lord Loudon! If you will walk to the lodge after my boring you so unmercifully, it will be delightful. I shall certainly tell every one you are as clever as your father, though, I fear, as sad a woman-hater as he was. Let us talk of old times, when you and I first knew each other."

Apparently uncle Robert liked talking of old times so well that he actually accepted an invitation to dine *en famille* with Lady Ermyntrude and her husband—nay, more, he went often, when assured she would be alone, and even—but this was in later days—allowed himself to be persuaded into meeting some few other neighbors, after distinct assurances from her ladyship that they would not be "too fine for him," and he carefully inquired beforehand who they would be.

Meanwhile Lady Ermyntrude was not ill-pleased to be known as the only being who could tempt her St. Senanus, as she described him, from his solitude. She owned he was rather eccentric—"quite a cynic, you know"—and affected a little boo isheess in his dislike of society's false tone, but through it all one could see "the true gentleman by birth."

"The true gentleman" soon sought an explanation from Guelda as to Ronald Airlie.

"Who is the fellow? What has he got? That is the question."

"I cannot tell you exactly, uncle Robert; but he is not well off, I believe," answered Guelda, trying hard to control her unsteady voice.

"What—some poor devil of a younger son, with only his tailor's bill in his pocket, who thought you were going to be an heiress? Ha, ha! By Jove, my girl, that won't do, now! Come—put him out of your head, and marry the Duke."

"I will marry no one!" flashed out Guelda in hot anger, for her heart was sore within her, and they would not let her grieve in peace. "Please never speak so of Captain Airlie to me again; he is one of the noblest men living, the one for whom I care more than for any one on earth, and his fallen fortunes ought to be treated with more respect in this house, which ought perhaps to be still his by right." With these words she walked out of the room.

"Whew," came from uncle Robert's lips, as he looked after her—"I thought so! This must be seen to, my beauty!"

This conversation and Lady Ermyntrude's visit happened very shortly after Lord Loudon's death. Four dreary weeks then went by with ever-increasing doubts, wonder, and love's grief and torments for unhappy Guelda.

One afternoon she went out for a lonely stroll. Bino had been with her all now; he was busy ratting with uncle Robert—a pursuit both seemed to enjoy with keen delight.

(To be Continued.)

Real Reverence.

Nothing is more characteristic of the Chinese as a nation than the habitual reverence with which they speak of the dead. When an emperor dies, "The mountain has collapsed;" and when a prince departs this life, "The dream is over." Some of our western phrases are equally characteristic. The announcement, "He has handed in his cheeks," may not bear on its bosom the flowery fragrance of eastern sentiment, but such expressions are certainly characteristic and cannot fail to be impressive.

His Crowning Effort.

"Ah, Lionel, that poem is beautiful!"

"Yes, Agatha, it is the crowning effort of my life."

"And, Lionel—my Lionel! it will bring you fame, eternal fame, will it not?"

"Yes, Agatha—and perhaps two dollars."

A Want of Tact.

Nanine and Alphonse were chatting merrily about the coming nuptials.

"How entertaining that cottage at Dijon! my dear," she exclaimed, "and the sweet little carriage, and the silver of your mother to go on the mahogany cabinet and—"

"My life's own does not mention me," broke in Alphonse.

"Ah, wait till I get through," and she patted him under the chin as she rambled on—"and the good donkey to take me to the village, and—" but Alphonse had left the room.

A Refractory Barrister.

Counsel for the defence—Gentlemen of the jury, true you are a pack of numbskulls, yet—

Judge—Sir! I shall have to report such language.

Counsel—Gentlemen of the jury, true you are a pack of numbskulls, yet I don't mind taking a pinch of snuff in your company. In words, as you may see from the report of a former case, the prisoner at the bar entered the tap-room of the inn one evening in October, 1885.

An Extraordinary Case.

Bedrock (looking over the paper)—Here's something extraordinary, my dear. Husband and wife live together twenty-four years without a cross word.

Mrs. Bedrock; There's nothing strange in that.

Bedrock—Paper says it's the only instance of the kind on record. But, then, it's easily accounted for.

Bedrock—How?

Bedrock—They are mutes.

Long Measure.

"It strikes me you have got the longest miles in the world," said a pedestrian, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"No," answered the intelligent native, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "it isn't the fault of the miles, but as they were made before the road they ran short of milestones, so they only put one down for every two miles."

Expected a Lot of Them.

Young Husband—My dear, I have brought home a set of books for you to keep our household account in.

Young Wife—That's nice, Charley. What is that very thick book for?

Young Husband—Er—that, my dear, is for Bills Receivable.

Modern Hospitality.

Treatelle, after lighting a Tuscan cigar, pulls a horrible grimace and hands it to Trovarti.

"Bastiano! wherever did you get this horrid cigar?"

"Out of the box in the sitting-room, sir."

"Stupid fellow, have you forgotten that I only keep that box for visitors?"

A Modern Philanthropist.

Student (to his friend)—See, yonder comes old Dr. X—, who has helped to dry so many a tear.

"The dear, kind-hearted gentleman! And pray tell me how?"

"He is a manufacturer of pocket-handkerchiefs."

Sincerity.

Tourist—Is the water good in this part of the country?

Native (quaffing his lager beer)—I really cannot tell you, sir; I have never tasted it.

Trouble at the Museum.

Manager—Where s the livin' skeleton, Joe? It's his turn to go on.

The General Utility Boy—He went an' slipped his foot in the chin as she rambled on' and the good donkey to take me to the village, and—" but Alphonse had left the room.

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The General Utility Boy—He went an' slipped his foot in the chin as he was a wishin' of his hands, an' went down th' waste pipe.

A Claim on Their Gratitude.

Young Doctor B. is run down with business.

"You must earn a mint of money, said a friend to him one day.

"Not at all; my patients don't pay."

"No? But their heirs ought to stand something handsome."

The Chicago Tourist.

Molly—And I'm sure you liked Parer, dear, didn't you now?

Polly (just back)—It was perfectly lovely, dear; in fact, as the French themselves say, *toot sweet.*

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

As he walked down the avenue toward the highway he drew his note book from his pocket, and taking a receipt from it, hastily filled it out for a nominal sum, for his services to Hazel, intending to post it immediately, so that she would have something to show in case Mrs. Stewart insisted upon paying the bill, and thus be saved from any awkwardness that might arise upon being questioned regarding the matter.

But, as good fortune would have it, a few steps farther on he saw Hazel herself coming toward him.

Immediately after he left her she had gone out to walk a little way with Belle, who was going to spend the night with Marie Earlscourt, between whom and herself a strong affection had sprung up, and she was just now returning.

"I am very glad that we have met again, Hazel," he said, with a meaning look, as he stopped before her, "for it gives me an opportunity to put you on your guard. Mrs. Stewart has just been interviewing me regarding my bill, insisting that it belongs to her to pay it. I told her that it was settled, but that she could make it right with you if she chose."

"Oh, Percy! what can I tell her!" Hazel cried, in real distress, while the hot blood again suffused her face and even her neck.

"You can name a small sum whatever you think will be right—and let her give it to you," he replied, just to see what she would say.

"But I could not do that; it would not be honest, and—and, of course, I could not tell her —" she stammered, in confusion.

"How the account was settled," Percy completed the sentence with an amused laugh. "No, indeed. At your peril tell her the price," he added, in mock displeasure, "for you have given me what I prize far more than pounds and shillings. But forgive me, dear, for tormenting you. I have fixed it all right, and if she asks you for my bill you can give her this."

He slipped the receipt into her hand as he spoke.

"But," said Hazel, still looking troubled, "that will amount to the same thing; I shall be taking money that does not rightly belong to me."

"Bless your dear, honest heart!" Percy returned; "you shall send it to me, if that will satisfy your scrupules. I will not have you worried over it."

"Thank you," she said, her face clearing; "that will do nicely. How glad I am that I met you! What should I have done without this receipt if Mrs. Stewart questioned me?" she concluded, with a sigh of relief.

"Poor child! you see what one act of deception leads to, and you should never have extorted that promise from me when we first met at Sir Henry's. If people had only known our true relations, I could have treated you openly, free of charge, as I have a right to do, and no one would have questioned the propriety of it," Percy said, gravely.

"Perhaps it was a mistake," sighed Hazel; "but I could not bear that any one should think ill of you for what was my fault alone."

Something in her tone—in the tender expression on her fair young face, made his heart leap with joy, and he was half tempted to reveal his great love for her then and there.

But he knew that they were in full view of those upon the veranda, and he would not subject Hazel to such an ordeal in the presence of others. Six weeks would soon pass, and then he would meet her again; besides, he was not quite sure that there might not be some truth in Helena's hints regarding Lord Nelson's intentions, and he was keenly sensitive to anything standing in the way of Hazel's prospects.

"Well, we will not grieve over what cannot now be helped," he said, reassuringly. "But mind, Hazel, Write to me regularly. Nothing will do me so much good as letters from you when I am alone in Paris."

She looked up, a glad light in her eyes.

"Truly, Percy! or are you only saying that to please me?" she queried, flushing.

"Truly, my darling," he replied, with great tenderness; "but if no one was looking, I should compel you to make amends for doubting my veracity. Take good care of yourself. Do not let me find any more broken bones when I return, and—don't lose your heart, Hazel."

He spoke lightly, but she wondered what he meant by that peculiar emphasis upon the verb.

She laughed and flushed as she retorted, with more of meaning than he realized:

"Do not fear; my heart is in fair keeping."

"I am not so sure of that," he returned, a spasm of pain contracting his brow as he noted the flush; "I should judge its citadel has been pretty strongly besieged of late. I do not wish to meddle, dear," he added, gravely but gently, "and I am only thinking of your happiness; but—I could not bear that anyone should trifle with you. I must go, however. Once more good-by."

He longed to clasp her in his arms, but he simply lifted his hat, bowed courteously, and then passed on, while Helena Stewart, who had not once removed her eyes from those two figures since they met, watched Hazel with a jealous eye as she came slowly up the avenue, a deep flush upon her cheeks, a happy smile playing about her beautiful lips.

Percy had called her his darling, and her heart was beating in blissful measure to the music of the tones that lingered so fondly in her ears.

Two weeks slipped rapidly by, and the evening of the duchess' grand reception arrived.

It was to be her last one of the season, although she was to remain in Brighton for another fortnight, and everything had been arranged to make it a most brilliant affair.

Two hundred or more invitations had been issued, and everybody had made great preparations for the event. Mrs. Stewart and Helena both had new and elegant costumes for the occasion. Belle, too, was made happy by having great pains taken with her first ball-dress—a dainty affair of pink silk and white tulle. She looked prettier in pink than in anything else, and preferred it to any of her color.

Hazel, for some reason, had received no invitation, which was the more marked, because it was the only time that her grace had ever neglected her. But if she regretted it, she made no sign, although Belle resented the omission with characteristic spirit, and once impulsively declared that she would not go without her.

But Hazel persuaded her, and seemed really to care so little on her own account, that the young girl was led to believe that she was not wounded by the neglect, marked as it appeared.

Hazel make herself very useful assisting the others in dressing for the occasion. Helena would accept nothing at her hands, but kept the maid busy with her wants, while Mrs. Stewart and Belle were glad to avail themselves of Hazel's taste and attentions.

All were ready at last but Mrs. Stewart, who had not yet put on her jewels. Her dress was pale ashes of roses brocaded in silver, and trimmed with crimson velvet. She was a magnificent looking woman, scarcely less handsome than her elder daughter, who was in cream moire, made up with blue satin.

"Hand me that case, Belle," Mrs. Stewart said to the young girl, and pointing to a large morocco case that lay on a small table beside the dressing-case.

Helena was standing by, impatiently waiting for her mother to finish dressing.

Belle brought the case, and opening it, Mrs. Stewart took from it a magnificent necklace formed of curiously wrought links of gold set with diamonds of almost priceless value.

Hazel sprang forward with a low, startled cry the moment her astonished eyes rested upon it.

"Oh! oh! where did you get it?" she cried, her face growing as white as the ruching about her neck, while she trembled with nervous excitement.

Mrs Stewart turned toward her with a look of surprise. Then she smiled.

"I suppose you have never seen anything so magnificent before. It is beautiful,' she continued, allowing it to swing back and forth in her hands to catch the light, "and it is worth a small fortune, too, I do not believe I shall see anything more elegant to-night. Fasten it for me, please, Miss Gay; Helena and Belle both have their gloves on," and she laid it about her neck as she spoke.

"Why! how you tremble and how cold your hands are," she continued, as Hazel, her face still deathly pale and with shaking hands, took the clasp to do her bidding. "Does it excite you so to see such costly things? Thank you; you were very handy to have fastened that clasp so readily, for it is quite complicated. Now, I believe this is all; come girls, I am really proud of you both. I imagine we shall not shame the duchess by our appearance tonight," and with one last look in the glass, and a fond smile bestowed upon her blooming daughters, Mrs. Stewart swept from the room, leaving Hazel standing alone in the middle of the floor astonished, speechless, trembling and wondering if her eyesight had utterly deceived her; wondering if she should not soon wake up and find it all a dream, for that neck lace which she had but just fastened about Mrs. Stewart's neck was the fac-simile of the one that had been fastened around her own neck when she was rescued from the sinking ship by Sandy Morton so many years ago.

Nay, was it a fac-simile? was it not her very own—the only one she had—the only clew that would ever prove her parentage and give her her rightful position in the world?

Had some one stolen it, and given or sold it to Mrs. Stewart, and was it lost to her forever?

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MISSING NECKLACE.

The thought served to unlock Hazel's benumbed senses, and she rushed away to her own room, her face still white, her eyes almost wild with a terrible fear.

She locked the door with trembling fingers, and then threw herself on her knees beside her trunk.

She quickly unlocked it and threw back the lid, her teeth actually chattering from nervousness; then she rapidly removed its contents, until she came to a box lying at the very bottom.

Seizing this she untied the ribbon that bound it, lifted the lid, removed a layer of cotton, and with a murmured exclamation of thankfulness and relief beheld her own necklace—that priceless treasure that was almost the only link between her and the mysterious past of which she had no remembrance.

Her first thought had been when she had seen Mrs. Stewart's necklace, that it must be hers—that in some mysterious way the woman had possessed herself of it, and, knowing how powerless she would be in her humble position as governess, she feared she could never get it again.

"How strange—how very strange that there should be another just like it! What would Mrs. Stewart think if she should know that I, her poor governess, possessed a necklace the exact counterpart of hers? No wonder she thought it excited me strangely to see such a costly thing."

A knock on her door just at that moment startled her, and a voice called from without:

"Miss Gay, are you there?"

It was Helena, and she spoke somewhat impatiently:

Hastily slipping the uncovered box back into her trunk, and dropping the lid, Hazel arose and unlocked her door.

Helena Stewart confronted her, a frown on her usually smooth brow.

"Belle packed herself away in the carriage, and then remembered that she had neglected to get her wrap," she remarked, stepping inside Hazel's room, and regarding with some surprise the articles strewn about the floor in such unusual disorder. "Mamma would not let her crush her dress by getting out and in again, so of course I had to play servant for her, as no one else was about, and come for it. Won't you get it for me—the white one? She says it is in the second drawer of her dressing-case."

"Certainly," Hazel replied, obligingly, and immediately turned to do her bidding.

Their companion sitting-room lay between her own and Belle's chamber, and she was obliged to pass through this to get the wrap, and the door of Belle's room not being hung quite true, swung to by its own weight after her, so that she could see nothing that occurred in her chamber while she was gone.

Helena's sharp eyes went roving about the room, while she stood there waiting, and noted, with some curiosity, the different garments which Hazel had removed from her trunk.

"Hum; overhauling her trunk!" she murmured; "she got about it pretty quickly, I should think. I wonder what else there is in it, and why she was so careful to close the lid before she unlocked the door; why did she need to lock the door at all?"

With noiseless tread she crossed the room and lifted the lid of the trunk, and then she stood transfixed, as her astonished glance fell upon those glittering jewels within it.

A low cry of amazement broke from her.

"Mamma's necklace!" she exclaimed, in a suppressed tone.

Then, realizing how impossible that was, she added:

"No, that cannot be, for mamma has hers on, but another exactly like hers! I did not believe there was another in the world like it. Whose can it be?—not hers," with a glance toward the door through which Belle had passed; "she would not have stolen it from some one; no wonder she trembled and was so upset when she saw mamma's."

She bent down, seized it in her hands, and carefully examined every portion of it; but there was no mark visible anywhere to show to whom it belonged.

The sound of a shutting drawer in Belle's room warned her that Hazel would soon be back; so, quickly replacing the trinket and softly closing the lid of the trunk, she glided back to the spot where she had stood on entering the room, and Hazel had no suspicion, when she returned with Belle's wrap, that she had moved from her position during her absence.

Helena took up the wrap and left the room without so much as a word of thanks, but remarking as she passed downstairs the click of the lock as Hazel again fastened her door.

"Aha, my fascinating little beauty!" she muttered, with a cruel smile; "I think at last I have you in a fine trap! We'll see how many dukes and doctors you'll bewitch after this! We'll soon send you on a forced march to a place where you can't do very much flirting."

She said nothing of what she had seen to either Belle or her mother, but they wondered to see her return in such gay spirits when she had been so disagreeable about going after the wrap.

"Where is Miss Gay!" Lord Nelson inquired, when he met Mrs. Stewart and her daughters at the entrance to the drawing-room on their arrival.

Mrs. Stewart looked her surprise at the question, and Belle hastened to explain.

"Why, she didn't have——" she began, when a sharp nudge from Helena suddenly silenced her, and then she was amazed to hear her sister add, in a tone of regret:

"Poor Miss Gay! she was not able to come to-night."

"She is not ill, I hope?" his lordship exclaimed, looking both disappointed and anxious.

"Oh, no; only certain circumstances would not admit of her coming. What a brilliant display!" Helena added, glancing about the magnificent room. "Surely, some one has wonderful taste in the arrangement of flowers."

When they went forward to greet the duchess, her grace also kindly inquired for Hazel, expressing regret at her absence, and Helena gave the same explanation that she had given Lord Nelson.

Belle, with her blood boiling, now understood that some trickery on the part of her sister had served to keep Hazel at home, and she longed to expose it by boldly proclaiming that she had received no invitation, and that alone was the occasion of her remaining behind.

But this would have made matters very awkward for her mother, as well as for Helena, and so she was forced to keep silence, although she determined to have it out with her sister later.

"There was an invitation for Hazel, and you kept it back. Helena Stewart!" she said, indignantly, when for a moment they were alone together. "What a mean thing for a Stewart to do!" she added, with blazing eyes and flaming cheeks. "I am ashamed that you are my sister!"

"Hold your tongue, Belle!" Helena commanded, crossly, though a guilty flush stained her face. "This is no place for a governess, and if you dare lisp one word of what you have just said to me to anyone else, I will make you deeply regret it."

Belle turned from her in disdain at this threat, and did not speak to her again during the whole evening.

She had a delightful time, though, in spite of her regret for Hazel. Lord Nelson exerted himself to make her enjoy herself, while Charlie Harwood danced with her several times, taking her in to supper, and declared that she was the belle of the evening.

It was all like a fairy tale to the young girl, who had never seen anything so gay before—the beautiful women in their court dresses, the glitter of costly jewels, the flashing of the myriads of lights, the music, the flowers, all served to make up a scene such as she had dreamed of, and read about, but never realized before.

"I suppose I shall never go to another until after I am out, and it is a shame that Hazel should have missed it," she said, with a sigh, as she ran up to her room, upon her return, eager to pour forth to her friend a description of the splendid scene.

But Hazel was sleeping as peacefully as a little child as she peeped into her room, and she would not wake her, much as she wished to talk over her brilliant experience; so she moved carefully about as she took off her finery, and then crept into her own bed, where she, too, was soon soundly sleeping.

It was very late the next morning when the revelers awoke, and one after another came languidly down to breakfast.

Belle was the last one to enter the dining-room, and her first inquiry was for Hazel.

"I have not seen her this morning," said Mrs. Stewart, who had finished her breakfast, and was just rising from the table. "Have you, Helena?"

"If I mistake not, she is just coming in from a row," that young lady replied, at she glanced from the window, and there was a curious gleam in her eyes as they rested upon the figure of the young girl bending to her oars, and sending her boat, speeding like a bird, in toward the shore.

"Yes, that is she," Belle said. "I can hardly wait to tell her about last night. It is a shame, though, that she cou d not have gone home," she concluded, shooting a vindictive glance at her sister.

"Belle, I charge you not to say anything that you will regret; let matters rest just as they are," commanded Mrs. Stewart, who had "had it out" with Helena after her return from the ball reproving her severely for being guilty of any thing so petty and dishonorable, simply to gratify a feeling of spite against a poor governess.

She left the room as she ceased speaking, and met Hazel in the hall, a moment later, on her way up to her room.

Hazel bade her a bright and courteous good-morning, saying she hoped she had enjoyed the previous evening, and then passed on to the dining-room in search of Belle.

That young lady immediately entered upon an enthusiastic description of the brilliant reception, but was interrupted in the midst of it by the return of Mrs. Stewart, who appeared greatly excited, for she was trembling violently while her face was colorless and wore an expression of great anxiety and concern.

"Helena! Belle! have either of you been in my room this morning?" she cried, looking wildly from one to the other.

"No," they both affirmed; and Helena inquired, with great apparent concern:

"What has happened, mamma? You are frightened and excited."

Mrs. Stewart did not reply; but turned to Hazel saying:

"You surely have not, Miss Gay, for you have but just come in and did not go upstairs."

"No," Hazel answered, regarding her with frank, unclouded eyes, "I arose early—at six—and, knowing that probably Belle would sleep late, I went out for a row; I have been over to the island gathering moss and lichens," and she held up a little basket filled with her treasures.

Mrs. Stewart sank weakly upon a chair.

"We have been robbed!" she said, in a faint voice. "My necklace is gone!"

"Mamma!" almost screamed Belle, in a voice of horror.

"Impossible!" cried Helena, while Hazel regarded the woman with a look of blank dismay.

"It is true," Mrs. Stewart continued. "I put it back in the case and locked it immediately on my return—you saw me, Helena, for you were in the room at the time—but I was too tired to pack it away, and left it standing upon the table close by my bed. I locked my door after you went out, and saw that the second-story window was securely fastened. There is no evidence that any strange person has been in the house, and not another article is missing, even my purse, with considerable money in it, remains untouched in my dressing-case. But my necklace is surely missing."

"Mamma, it is too dreadful!" sobbed Belle, thoroughly frightened.

"It was all by accident that I discovered my loss, Mrs. Stewart continued, "for I was going to put the case away without opening it, when something impelled me to unlock it and see that I had lost no stones out of it last night, and, lo! it was gone."

"What will you do, mamma? It was worth thousands of dollars! Have you questioned any of the servants?" Helena asked, looking pale and worried.

"No; and not a word must be said to one of them," her mother replied, with decision. "I shall send for a detective at once and put the matter in his hands. The surest way to get it back is to keep still, for if any of the servants are guilty, and imagine that we suspect them, they will make off with it and we shall never see it again. I am nearly crazy," Mrs. Stewart continued, tremulously. "Let alone the value of the thing, it was the last present your father made me, and for that reason, more than any other, I prize it more than everything else I have," and, bowing her face upon her hands, she burst into nervous weeping.

"Mamma, don't—it breaks my heart," Belle said, going to her side, and putting her arms about her neck. "I am sure you will have it again: I don't believe there was ever another like it, and if the thief sells it, it must come back to you again."

"You foolish child! no thief would sell it as it is; he would pry out the stones and dispose of them, one by one, and then melt the gold," her mother replied, wearily.

"Mamma," said Helena, suddenly, and speaking somewhat nervously, "suppose we do not send for a detective for a little while; let us do our own searching in a quiet way, and then if you do not find it you can give the matter into an officer's hands."

"No, that would only be time wasted," Mrs. Stewart said, decidedly; "for we would not think to look in half the places that an experienced detective would search, and while we were about it the thief might get out of the country, and I should never see my jewels again. I shall telegraph immediately for an officer."

She arose and went to the library to pen the telegram that would summon him.

A feeling of deep sorrow and sympathy came over Hazel as she listened to Mrs. Stewart's story of her loss, but no shadow of fear on her own account entered her mind, until she spoke of sending for a detective to search for the stolen jewels.

Then a terrible shock went quivering through her nerves, and her heart sank like lead in her bosom; a mist seemed to rise before her sight, and a faintness nearly deprived her of sense and motion for a few moments.

She thought of her own necklace, upstairs in her trunk, as far as she had been able to determine, it was an exact duplicate of the one that Mrs. Stewart had lost, and there was no mark upon here to distinguish it. If a detective came to search the house, she knew that it would be found, and she would be regarded as the thief; she would be publicly disgraced, her character ruined, and she could not help herself.

"Oh, if Percy were only here!" she thought, with a feeling akin to despair.

Ah! now, more than ever, she realized that she had made a fatal mistake in refusing to allow him to recognize her and explain their relations, when he first came to Brighton; she had done very wrong to insist upon this secrecy. It would all have to be explained now, for she could never be exonerated from guilt without appealing to him; and the very fact that she had made any concealment would be regarded, by itself, as a suspicious circumstance, perhaps it might even implicate him in this dreadful affair. Too late she saw how foolish she had been to allow her pride and sensitiveness to lead her into such error.

(To be Continued.)

Way Down—(East).

Mrs. Sam Arriton.—I've seen a great many tramps, but never one in such a pitiable condition. How did you fall so low?

Slow Hucking.—I could n't help it, marm. I was mascottin fer d' Bostons dis season.—*Puck.*

Very Queer.

"It's very queer," said a country lass, "how much all soldiers are alike; you can only tell them by their faces."

A Little Hero.

Loto knocked his head against the edge of the table without, however, being much, if any, the worse.

"And you didn't cry!" asked his fond mother.

"N-n-o!" replied the little fellow, "there was nobody in the room."

He Smelt a Rat.

Stern Papa (hiding a stout cane behind his back, under a tree on which his young hopeful has been foraging among the apples)—Charley, dear, come down; it is beginning to thunder.

Charley—All right, Pa; I can listen to it up here!

Epigram for the Times.

Flatterers are the cleverest thought readers; they tell you exactly what you think.

A Diluted Confession.

"Now, my little man, tell me what is your place at school?"

"Please, sir, if I'm moved a step higher, I shall be the last but one."

They Blushed Unseen.

Dashman—How was the flower show last week?

Flashman—Beastly.

Dashman—You astonish me. I heard that there has not been such a handsome display for years.

Flashman—Handsome display! They were all *passee* and wore high-necked dresses.

Two Tombs.

Miss May—Did you see Shakespeare's tomb in Eng?

Smith—Yes, and Ignatius Donnelly's, too.

Miss May—Are they buried together?

Smith—No. Shakespeare is buried at Avon, and Ignatius is buried in several bookstores.

A Respectful Distance.

A violinist was playing over a piece of music with his man-servant, who had been the public fiddler in his native village, and when they had finished, he said to him: "You handle your bow very fairly, but you are always a beat behind; how's that?"

"Monsieur, it is out of respect."

A Valuable Autograph.

Snipps—I wish you'd let me have a check today on our bill, Mr. Cubson.

Cubson—Certainly, Snipps, certainly. Here you are. But what are you going to do with it?

Snipps—Cash it.

Cubson—Gad! That would be a lark, wouldn't it?

Snipps—Why so?

Cubson—Why, don't you suppose, you blessed old fashion plate, that if you could cash it, I should have cashed it myself long ago?

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TELEPHONE 679.

Carved in Margate Cliff.

This is a picture, and a very good picture too, of a pretty bathing girl carved at the foot of the chalky cliffs of Margate, England, by Mr. John Priestman, while whiling away the idle hours of a summer holiday. The carving is being exhibited for the benefit of a Margate charity. Mr. Priestman is, or rather was, a Toronto boy. He was born and brought up in this city and went to England in 1871, as manager of the Bradstreet Company's London branch, which position he still holds. He was for many years a bookkeeper for R. Walker & Sons of this city, and while there executed many clever pieces of engraving. His genius is all untaught. He is a brother of Mr. Joseph Priestman, who at present resides here, and of Mr. James Priestman of New York, who has achieved a widespread reputation in the States as a carver and sculptor. Among other work of his is a pair of Jersey cattle heads, which were so highly thought of that they were reproduced in bronze. The only pair owned in Toronto is the one in possession of Mr. James Cooper of Cooper & Smith.

W. A. Shepard

By a mistake the biographical sketch of Mr. Shepard which appeared in the November issue of the *American Bookmaker* was not printed in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT, and to remedy evident oversight it is given herewith, and in this connection we reproduce the portrait which, by the way, is a capital likeness of Mr. Shepard.

The United Typothetæ of America held its second annual session in New York in September last. There were present over 100 delegates representing local associations in the chief cities of the United States. Mr. Wallace Maclean represented the Employing Printers' Association of Toronto. This society is composed of employing printers and publishers, and embraces within its ranks such men as the Harpers and Appletons of New York, Rand & McNally of Chicago, Rockwell & Houghton of Boston, MacKellar of Philadelphia, and in fact the most prominent master printers of the leading cities of the United States. At the meeting in New York Mr. McNally of Chicago was elected president, and amongst the five vice-presidents chosen was Mr. W. A. Shepard, manager of the *Mail* job department and chairman of the executive committee of the Employing Printers' Association of Toronto. The portrait of Mr. Shepard and biographical sketch are copied from the *American Bookmaker* of New York for November.

William Allen Shepard, one of the vice-presidents of the United Typothetæ of America, and chairman of the executive committee of the Employing Printers' Association of Toronto, was born in Brownville, N. Y., on July 6, 1830, whence he removed in his early boyhood with his parents to Canada. He received his education in the public and grammar schools at Brockville, Ontario, and subsequently taught school for some time in that neighborhood. In the latter part of 1847, he "went west" to the city of Hamilton, and apprenticed himself to the printing business in the office of the *Canada Christian Advocate*, of which his father, the Rev. Gideon Shepard, was afterward editor for eight years. His readiness for business and skill in his trade secured him the position of foreman before his apprenticeship was half served, and he discharged the duties of that position for a number of years, till opportunities for work more congenial to his literary abilities called him elsewhere. In 1858, when his father took the position of governor of Albert College, Belleville, Mr. Shepard removed to that town and became editor of the *Independent*, and in 1859 became connected with the Belleville *Intelligencer*, of which the present Minister of Customs, Hon. M. Bowell, was then proprietor. Here he was man of all work—compositor, local editor, compiler of directories, etc., and it was evident that he had become that indispensable man who is found in every established business, but who so often is passed by in the dispensation of the rewards which are supposed to follow faithful service and good work.

In 1867, when the gold fever broke out in the townships north of Belleville, the *Daily Intelligencer* was started, and under the guiding hand of Mr. Shepard became a success from the start. Mr. Bowell meanwhile became a Member of Parliament, and the whole business, editorial and office, devolved upon Mr. Shepard. He was an able and ready political writer, and when occasional excursions fell to his lot his descriptive and entertaining letters were a pleasing and profitable feature in the *Daily*. Subsequently he organized the *Intelligencer* Printing and Publishing Company, of which he was managing director until a short time previous to his removal to Toronto. He was identified with all of the public enterprises in the city of Belleville, and grew up with it as it advanced from a small town to a city of upwards of 10,000. The community showed their appreciation of his integrity by electing him a member of the school board for sixteen years in succession. For the last five years of his residence in Belleville he was chairman of the Board of Education, a body composed of the public and high school trustees, to which position he had been elected unanimously on each occasion. On leaving Belleville, as an evidence of his popularity and the esteem in which he was held, he received numerous addresses and substantial presentations from public bodies, religious and secular, as well as from the citizens.

Since 1884 he has had charge of the *Mail* job department in Toronto, probably the largest job printing establishment in Canada.

In religion Mr. Shepard is a Presbyterian and is one of the managers and elders of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, one of the largest congregations worshipping in one of the finest churches in Canada. He is in robust health, well developed physically, and, although beyond the much dreaded "dead line of fifty," gives every promise of many years of practical and efficient service in his profession and a ripe old age among the children of his household.

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An Exhausted Mind.

"What's the mattaw, Clawence?" was the question which a very exquisite specimen of humanity addressed to another.

"I'm not at all well—not at all well. I feel as if I were prostrated with mental exhaustion or something of that soht, you know."

"Why, have you been doing much mind work of late, deah boy?"

"Yaas, quite a good deal—quite a good deal. I've wead two theater pwogwammes cleah thwough this week, and this is only Wednesday."

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BULLEN—On November 26, at 8 Sully street, Mrs. George Bullen—a son.

HOLTBY—On November 24, at Toronto, Mrs. Amber W. Holtby—a daughter.

GRASETT—On November 22, at Lindsay, Mrs. H. J. Grasett—a son.

MACKENZIE—On November 23, at Toronto, Mrs. James Alexander Mackenzie—a daughter.

SEWELL—At Toronto, Mrs. St. Albans Sewell—a daughter.

CAR WELL—On November 20, at Toronto, Mrs. W. E. Carswell—a daughter.

GEDDES—On November 25, at Toronto, Mrs. Walter A. Geddes—a son.

TAYLOR—On November 22, at Montreal, Mrs. Wm. J. Taylor—a son.

WOOD—On November 25, at Cote St. Antoine, Q., Mrs. Geo. W. Wood—a son.

McGREGOR—On November 28, at Guelph, Mrs. Duncan McGregor—a daughter.

SAM'SON—On November 23, at Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Sampson—a son.

LIVERNOIS—On November 28, at Hamilton, Mrs. J. Livernois—a son.

OSLER—On November 26, at Cobourg, Mrs. E. H. Osler—a daughter.

FLATTERS—On November 30, at Ottawa, Mrs. J. H. Flatters—a son.

LLOYD—On November 30, at Hamilton, Mrs. H. H. Lloyd—a son.

MOODIE—On November 30, at Hamilton, Mrs. J. Moodie, jr.—a daughter.

DICKSON—On November 27, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. Dickson—a son.

THOMPSON—On November 30, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles Thompson—a son.

MARCH—On November 30, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles March—a son.

TEES—On November 17, at Montreal, Mrs. John A. Tees—a son.

HERSEY—On November 28, at Montreal, Mrs. Theodore Hersey—a son.

OUGHTRED—On November 28, at Richmond, Que., Mrs. Allan R. Oughtred—a son.

GILMOUR—On November 28, at Ottawa, Mrs. John G Imour—a son.

BRENNAN—On November 27, at Ottawa, Mrs. H. H. Brennan—a daughter.

Marriages.

BRAY—TREMEER—On November 21, at Zion, West Durham, Dr. James Bray of Toronto to Mary S. Tremeer of Taunton.

BROMLEY—ELARDGE—On November 21, at Toronto, Dr. E. Bromley, B.A., to Miss Elardge.

FLETCHER—RAY—On November 21, at West Brome, P.Q., Samuel T. Fletcher to Ida R. Ray.

GWILT—BARR—At Montreal, Alfred Brandram Gwilt to Annie Beatrice Barr.

GRAHAM—GREGG—On November 21, at Uxbridge, John Graham to Barbara Gregg.

HAMLIN—CUSACK—On November 21, at Hamilton, R. S. Hamlin of Oshawa to Lizzie Cusack.

MILLER—McLEAN—On November 20, at Kemptville, G.J. Miller of Iroquois to Lizzie McLean of Burnt Rapids.

CAMERON—WALKER—At St. Andrew's Church, on Tuesday, November 27, 27, by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Alfred Buell Cameron of Osgoode Hall, barrister-at-law, to Alice Maud, third daughter of David Walker of Toronto.

BURGESS—WRIGHT—On November 21, at Stratford, Harry T. Burgess to Mrs. Jane Wright of Stratford.

BOLTON—ROSHEAD—On November 21, at Spencerville, Elijah Bolton to Flora Moorhead of Edwardsburg.

FOX—SHIELDS—At Mono Road, William H. Fox, M.D., to Lizzie H. Shields, both of Mono Road.

HARGRAFT—BOYES—On November 27, at Toronto, John Hargraft of Cobourg to Eva Boyes, stepdaughter of Joseph McCausland.

CAMPBELL—HENDERSON—On November 28, at Toronto, Joseph Campbell of Buffalo, N.Y., to Sarah Henderson.

YOUNG—JENNINGS—On November 28, at Toronto, W. A. Young, M.D., to Annie Marguerite Jennings.

BOOTH—DILLING—On November 27, at Bowmanville, Joseph Booth of Toronto to Annie Dilling of Bowmanville.

ROBERTSON—CREASOR—On November 28, at Owen Sound, Wm. Tate Robertson to Victoria Creasor.

SARAH—LATPOLE—On November 23, at Whitby, P. R. Warsam to Alice W. Claypole of London.

SWINYARD—SHERIDAN—On November 20, at Midland, Leone N. Swinyard to Katie Sheridan of Midland.

McQUARRIE—McMILLAN—On November 28, at Hillsburg, Donald James McQuarrie of Brampton to Bessie McMillan.

YOUNG—JENNINGS—On November 28, at Toronto, W. A. Young, M.D., to Annie Marguerite Jennings.

SWEETMAN—NALBOROUGH—On November 28, at Toronto, John Sweetman to Elizabeth Franklin Nalborough.

Deaths.

BEACH—On November 24, at Toronto, Sarah Stephens Beach, aged 41 years.

COX—On November 24, at Toronto, James Cox, aged 68 years.

DURNFORD—On November 22, at Montreal, Augusta Durnford, aged 82 years.

DROPE—On November 22, at Harwood, William Drope, J. P., aged 69 years.

KENNELL—On November 25, at Toronto, Patrick Finnell, aged 27 years.

KERR—On November 25, at Toronto, James S. T. (Jimmie) Kerr, aged 11 years.

LYMAN—On November 21, at Montreal, Mary Isabel Goodwin Lyman.

McVITY—On November 25, at Port Hope, Agnes McVity, aged 45 years.

McMAHON—On November 24, at Parkdale, John McMahon, aged 29 years.

MILNE—On November 23, at Toronto, Arthur Inglis Milne, aged two months.

HOPKINS—On November 25, at Parkdale, Alexander Hopkins, aged 69 years.

DEAN—On November 27, at Toronto, Thomas Dean, aged 74 years.

HOLMAN—On November 26, at Toronto, John Holman, aged 17 years.

WILKINS—On November 26, at Galt, William Wilkins, aged 72 years.

HELLIWELL—On November 27, at Toronto, Joseph Helliwell, aged 56 years.

MOYER—On November 28, at Toronto, Lodawick Moyer, aged 82 years.

BEDINGFIELD—On November 28, at Mimico, Amelia Bedingfield.

BARBARIE—On November 24, drowned at Campbellton N.B., Oliver Barbarie, aged 17 years.

McGOWAN—On November 23, at Hamilton, Jane Boyd McGowan, aged 66 years.

ROSS—On November 26, at Quebec, Anne Runcie Ross.

RICHARDSON—On November 24, at Montreal, Percival James, aged 3 years followed three hours later, by Arthura Irene, aged 1 year.

GIRVIN—On November 29, at Toronto, Florence K. Girvin, aged 16 years.

COULTER—At Toronto, Margaret J. Coulter, aged 34 years.

HUTON—At Toronto, Mrs. Margaret Huton, for over 75 years a resident of Toronto.

WILKINSON—On November 30, at Chippawa, James A. Wilkinson.

SMITH—On December 3, at the General Hospital, Toronto, Captain William Smith, aged 32 years.

CORCORAN—On November 29, accidentally killed, near Lima, N. Y., Martin Corcoran.

MIDDLETON—On December 3, at Toronto, Melissa Middleton, aged 35 years.

BELL—On November 30, at Pembroke, Mary Ann Bell, aged 56 years.

IBBETSON—On November 30, at Hamilton, Clara Ibbetson, aged 5 years.

GULLY—On November 30, at Hamilton, Edith S. Gully, aged 5 years.

DURNFORD—On November 22, Augusta Durnford, aged 82 years.

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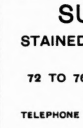

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

Great Xmas Sale

H. S. MORISON & CO.

218 Yonge Street, corner Albert

Beg to announce that they have purchased a choice lot of goods suitable for the Holiday trade at a big discount for cash. Note a few of the leading lines:

800 Dress Lengths—All-wool, Black and Colored,
A good all-wool Black Cashmere Dress, full length, at $2.25.
" " Satin Finish Henrietta Dress, full length, $3.15.
" " Scotch Tweed Dress, full length, $1.75.

Special—50 pieces Scotch Tweed Suitings, worth 30c., we will throw on our counters and sell at 12½c.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT

300 Street Jackets, $2 up.
100 Tweed Ulsters, $5 up.
150 Fine Melton Cloth Ulsters, $6 up.
50 Ladies' Heavy Cloth Wraps, $4 up.
100 Children's Mantles in Tweed and Melton from $2 up.

The Above are the Greatest Drives in the Trade

Ladies' Sealette and Plush Mantles To order our specialty, at very low prices all this week.

FANCY GOODS DEPARTMENT

250 doz. Ladies' Fancy Handkerchiefs, 50c. per doz., worth 90c.
20 " " Fine Linen Lawn, Embroidered Handkerchiefs (the choicest lot of Handkerchiefs ever shown in the city).
50 doz. Pompeginian Silk Handkerchiefs, 4 for 30c.
200 doz. Pure Pongee Handkerchiefs, at 20c. and 25c. each.

Fancy Purses, Fancy Glove and Handkerchief Boxes and a Choice Selection of Fancy Goods for the Holiday Trade.

Personal.

Rev. James Lavery and Miss Lavery sailed in the Quebec Steamship Company's steamer Trinidad for Bermuda.

Mr. Alec Harvey and Mr. George Gates were amongst the visitors from Hamilton to the St. Andrew's ball last week.

The faculty and students of Toronto University Medical College dine together at the Rossin House on Thursday evening next.

Mr. J. S. Dennis, after the excitement of the struggle in Parkdale, seeks the southern shores of Cuba and the salubrity of a winter stay at Nassau.

Miss Stuart of Port Hope spent a few days in town last week. She came up for St. Andrew's ball, and was the guest of Mrs. Cosby.

Mr. J. S. Fullerton entertained on the occasion of Dr. J. E. Elliott's wedding, by dining a number of mutual friends at 20 Wilton avenue, on Saturday evening last.

Mrs. White of Scotland, mother of Mr. White, who has resided chiefly in Toronto for some years past, has taken Mrs. Matthew Vankoughnet's house on John street, for the winter.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon entertained a number of young friends at dinner last evening, to meet Mrs. Meyrick Banks before leaving for the Continent to join Sir David and Lady Macpherson.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jackson of London, England, have arrived in town and will make some stay here. The introductions which Mr. and Mrs. Jackson have brought, will ensure them a pleasant visit.

The charities and rectory of St. George's Church will be deprived of some of their willing hands during the coming winter, as Miss Maud and Miss Mary Cayley have gone for a sojourn in Bermuda.

The annual dinner of the Toronto Cricket Club will take place at the Walker House on the evening of Saturday, December 15, at 7.30. Hon. Sec. C. N. Shanly has already got the preliminaries well under way.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of the St. Clarens avenue Methodist Church gave a literary and musical entertainment in the church on Thursday evening, which proved a great success.

The extremely enjoyable programme was contributed to by Miss Flo Farewell, Miss A. Mackenzie, Mr. G. W. Grate, Mr. C. R. Arnold, Mr E. E. Baker, Miss Lilian Hewitt, Miss Addie Lawson and Miss Jennie Houston.

The finest paintings in the gallery at the Hamilton Art Loan Exhibition are said to be those sent from Toronto by Mrs. Alexander Cameron—St. Cecilia by Gabriel Max and De Fregger's Soldier's Return.

Last Wednesday, the second reception day of the season at Government House, the elements were more propitious than on the preceding Wednesday, and a very large number of people called on Sir Alexander and Miss Campbell.

There has been a second, but fortunately not serious riding accident. A violent buck jump on the part of Mr. Small's horse, threw that gentleman on Friday of last week, and a broken thumb and bruised forehead was the result.

Barrister S. O. Richards of Vancouver, B. C., and his brother, the proprietor of the Pittsburg *East-Ender*, were in the city last week. They were called to their home in Ottawa by the serious illness of their father, Chief Justice Richards.

Among visitors from Toronto to the Art Loan Exhibition in Hamilton this week were Mr. Gamble Geddes and Mr. Erasmus Byron Hostetter. Miss Lash of this city is the fortune teller of the fair, and Miss Annie Laidlaw is one of the main attractions of the Moorish booth.

Mr. and Mrs. Creemore of Inverness, N.B., have been staying with friends in town. Mr. and Mrs. Creemore are on their way home from a trip to San Francisco and British Columbia, and speak very highly of the Canadian Pacific railway, both as concerns its comforts and its scenery.

Excepting, of course, on the boards, Mrs. Langtry was last week absolutely invisible. Several old friends, and, if rumor errs not, several would-be new ones, did their best to gain admittance to her car at the station or to what passes for a green room at the Grand; but all were equally unsuccessful.

Captain Wise did not belie his name in showing no anxiety to accompany the General and the Governor-General's party to Hamilton last Saturday. Captain Wise preferred to spend Sunday here, was seen at Adonis on Monday and after enjoying much "tooling" behind a certain smart tandem, returned to Ottawa on Tuesday.

The second annual dinner of the Toronto Board of Trade, will be held in the Horticultural Gardens Pavilion, on Friday, January 4, 1889. Among the many distinguished guests will be the Governor-General, the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. Oliver Mowat, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Edward Blake.

Mr. Arthur Allan, son of Hon. G. W. Allan, and of great cricketing fame, left this week for England, where he will go into business and reside in London. He is a great loss to Toronto and Canadian cricket, and can hardly fail to make his mark in any club he may join on the other side. In society, as well as cricketing circles here, Mr. Allan's absence will be greatly regretted.

At Rochester on November 29, Mr. R. Nolan of the firm of Nolan & Hickson of this city, was married to Miss Gertrude Force of Rochester. The ceremony, one of those delightful home affairs, took place at the residence of Mr. Force, 100 East avenue, and was attended only by the many immediate friends and relations of the family. The presents were both magnificent and numerous.

The Prospect Park Curling Club formally opened its handsome new club house at the corner of Prospect and Ontario streets, with a large At Home on Wednesday evening. The comfortable and spacious apartments were filled by the members and their friends, and a thoroughly pleasant evening was spent by all. President Daniel Lamb, Secretary John A. Mills and the officers and members generally, received their numerous guests, and left nothing undone to promote their comfort and enjoyment.

Invitations have been issued for an evening party at the residence of Miss Adams, 160 Crawford street, on Wednesday next, under the auspices of the Vingt-et-Un Club, a highly popular social organization of young people. Like all well organized social clubs it has a committee, the president of which is C. Lennox, and the members Miss E. Lennox, Miss M. Trip, Mr. E. V. Clark and Mr. E. E. Walker.

The marriage of Jeanne, eldest daughter of Mr. Warring Kennedy, and Dr. John Ephraim Elliott, was solemnized on Monday morning at the residence of the bride's parents, corner of Bloor and St. George streets. The bride was supported by her sister, Miss Eva Kennedy, and the groom by Mr. Wallace. Rev. Mr. Sullivan officiated. On account of the illness of Mrs. Kennedy the wedding was an extremely quiet one, and there were no guests outside of immediate relatives. Miss Kennedy was married in her traveling dress, a neatly fitting suit of brown, and shortly after the ceremony the newly-married couple left for Buffalo and New York. Some exceedingly beautifully presents were given to the bride.

A most successful concert was given by the members of the Deer Park Athletic Association on Tuesday evening last for the purpose of raising funds wherewith to pay the rental of the field recently leased by them for a cricket ground. The hall was beautifully and tastefully decorated. Mr. Geo. A. McKenzie occupied the chair. A very entertaining programme was presented, the musical part of which was taken by the Misses Gardner, Fletcher and Burnside, Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, Mr. Deeks, Mr. R. Marshall and Miss Marshall and the Glee Club of the Association. All these performers were warmly received. Excellent recitations were given by Miss King Dodds and Mr. Hedley of the *Monetary Times*. Among friends of the association from town were the Misses Warren, Miss Fletcher, Mrs. Fletcher and Messrs. Fletcher, Dr. Garrett, Mr. Tom Elgie, Miss Jacobs and Miss Jacobi, the Misses Larratt Smith, Mr. A. A. Macdonald and Miss Macdonald, Mrs. and the Misses Hedley, Miss Grace Parkes, Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Pingle, Mrs. Baldwin Jackes, Miss Kate Rennie of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hoskin, Q.C., and family, Mr. and Mrs. Marks, Miss Marks, Mrs. and Miss Dunbar, Miss Sparrow, Miss Paton of Muskoka, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Warren, Dr. Warren of Niagara, Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Edwin Snider, Miss Skinner and Miss Ida Davies. Eglinton was represented by the Misses Ritchie, Mr. and Miss Jackes, Miss Ward.

Trinity Talk.

To-day is the last day of lectures for the Michaelmas term and the students have commenced to grind in preparation for the college examinations which commence on Thursday next.

Mr. A. C. Allan, '87, left Toronto on Monday and sailed from New York on Wednesday. It will be many months before his face is seen around the corridors of Trinity and his absence will be severely felt in the college sports.

Mr. C. H. Shutt, '87, after a sojourn of several months at the Clergy-house in Boston, where he has been working with the Cowley fathers, returned to Toronto on Monday.

Rev. H. A. Bowden, who was one of the deacons sent out by Trinity last June, paid the college a visit on Tuesday.

Thursday evening, December 6, was the date set down for an impromptu concert in the reading-room. The first of these concerts, which was held in the early part of the term, proved such a success that the students have determined to hold another.

At the last meeting of the Literary Institute, Scott and Burns were the poets from whom the readers took their selections. Mr. Dunlop read a ballad from the latter, and Mr. Thompson read the Fire King from the former. The subject of debate was: Resolved, that unrestricted Chinese immigration is hurtful to the welfare of our people. The debate was carried on in a spirited and vigorous style by Messrs. Bedford-Jones and Ross on the affirmative, and Messrs. Waller and Leighton, their opponents, who were, however, in the opinion of the audience, unable to cope with the arguments of the affirmative. The vote of censure and the change of constitution, which crop up every year, made their appearance for the first time this season. I expect they will occasion, when they are discussed, the usual excitement and wordy warfare which the college hall has often seen before. Such little breezes as discussions of this kind cause, add greatly to the interest of the meetings. On Friday night Mr. Martin was chairman.

At Trinity there is an excellent custom in the Literary Institute which is not in vogue in the literary societies of other universities. I mean the custom of each undergraduate acting as chairman in turn according to academic standing. Of course this rule does not extend to the freshmen, who, on account of the youth and inexperience generally attributed to them, never preside at a meeting of their seniors. In this way during the years a man is at college he has at some time or another filled the position of chairman of a meeting. This practice enables one to know how to conduct a meeting, and is a capital preparation for a similar function in active life.

For some reason this year the students have shown an increased interest and loyalty in all the college societies, and never before has there been seen so much *esprit de corps* in these institutions of undergraduate life. The Missionary and Theological Association is no exception to this rule, and is more flourishing than ever. On Monday night a successful and well attended meeting was held at which Mr. Charles Jenkins of Petrolia, read a thoughtful paper on Canadian Church Union, in which he suggested the union of the dioceses of the Church of England in Ontario, into one ecclesiastical province. After the reading of the paper, Rev. Canon DuMoulin, Rev. Dr. Armstrong and several other members spoke in reference to the subject. The Provost occupied the chair. ERYX.

The well-known dry-goods firm, Danford Roche & Co. of Yonge street, will remove their business to the flourishing town of Barrie in January.

The Campanini Concert.

Signor Campanini and a host of vocal celebrities are announced at the Horticultural Gardens Pavilion on Monday evening next. Signor Campanini will then introduce Signora Clementina DeVere, a brilliant soprano—new to this country—whose reputation in Italy and Spain, has long been established. Signora DeVere made her first appearance in America at Steinway Hall, New York, on November 15, with the Campanini Company, and her success on that occasion was instantaneous and most pronounced, the critics being unanimous in declaring that no such enthusiasm had been demonstrated over any vocal artist in New York since the palmy days of Mme. Gerster. Besides Signora DeVere, a host of other vocal celebrities will appear, including Signor Del Puente, the popular baritone; Signor Carbone, a noble basso buffo who will be favorably remembered as a member of Mme. Gerster's company. Signor Stehle, a young tenor who possesses exceptional talent; Signor Bologna, basso cantante; Marie Groebl, one of the most accomplished of rising contraltos; Signor Ferrari, accompanist, and Italo Campanini himself, who is now in his best voice, the long rest he has enjoyed having brought back his pristine power. The concert selections alone are complete programmes in themselves, and when to them is added the entire third act of Faust in costume, with appropriate scenery, the entertainment will be rendered doubly interesting and attractive.

Toronto Vocal Society.

The first concert of the season of the Toronto Vocal Society will be given on Dec. 18, at the Horticultural Gardens Pavilion. The programme will be a very fine one, and in addition to the choruses and unaccompanied concerted pieces, Ovide Musin, Annie Louise Tanner, Whitney Mockridge and Edwin Shonert (pianist) have been engaged. The Vocal Society believe in popular prices. See advertisement in other column.

Instruction on the Piano.

Miss Lizzie Higgins advertises for pupils at her residence. See card in advertising columns.

An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished nowadays by his dress, just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. He will, generally speaking, be found wearing a suit of Scotch tweed or cheviot. The coat should be a three button cutaway, of the pattern ordinarily known as an English walking or cutaway coat, instead of this cutaway suit a four button sack may be worn, in which the coat, waistcoat and trowsers should always be of the same goods. For the sack suit also Scotch tweed or cheviot would be the best material. For traveling the hat should be a Derby the shade of which should harmonize with the color of the suit. A black Derby may be understood as harmonizing with any traveling suit, but in case a brown hat is worn it should always be a darker shade than the suit. Apart from his trunks in the baggage car the traveler will do well to carry an extra suit of clothes in a sizable valise. This should be a three button cutaway coat of black diagonal, waistcoat to match, and striped trowsers. With this the traveler always has ready to hand an acceptable costume for spending the day in town, in cases where his trunks might, perchance, not be for the time available. Much might be said of the difference between summer and winter traveling, but a hint at this season is sufficient. The above styles in the finest imported goods to be had from the fashionable west end tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

The Popular La Directoire.

WITH SASH EFFECT.—Produced by The Atrardome, 71 and 73 King street East.

An Accomplished Kisser.

"What is there in kissing?" Just as much, if not more, as there is in eating. The next time you go to see your girl, young man, kiss her lightly and with deliberation. If she happens to be standing, just put your left arm around her waist and draw her to you. Of course she'll be bashful. She will turn her head away. Then you must put your right hand to her left cheek, the hand open, and draw her face around to you. Then look her straight in the eyes for half a minute, bend your head down slowly and prepare for action. Don't pucker up your lips. Allow them to remain in natural repose. Don't push your mouth against hers as if you were going to knock her teeth out. When the lips are forced together the teeth come in contact with the lips and form a resistance which is decidedly unpleasant. The lips should just meet, and there should be just the slightest pressure. Then a little playful motion of the lips by the kisser, and the kiss sends through you a thrill that is unction to the soul itself. When you can do this you will be an accomplished kisser.

One Effect of It.

Jones—This is rather cool for November, isn't it, Mr. Smith?

Smith—No, indeed. Several years ago, when I was a young man, I found it cooler in August than it is now.

Jones—You must have been searching for the North Pole then.

Smith—You are mistaken. I kissed a Boston schoolmarm, and her spectacles froze to my mustache before our lips met.

He Was.

A blaze in a house on Chestnut street the other day resulted in the usual rush, smash and topsy-turvy, and a citizen who found the owner of the place standing amidst the wreck of furniture in the yard remarked:

"Well, I suppose you are thankful?"

"You bet I am!" was the emphatic response. "There are two tea-cups and three joints of stove-pipe saved in good condition!"

Grand Opera House

ONE WEEK ONLY

Commencing Monday, December 10

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

An Elaborate Production of the Great Aquatic Spectacle

A DARK SECRET

With all the Original Company, Scenery and Realistic Effects presented at the

Academy of Music, New York

During the successful run of 100 nights, including the marvelous aquatic scene

THE HENLEY REGATTA

Real Row Boats, Racing Shells and Steam Launches, on

A RIVER OF REAL WATER

Flooding the stage from wall to wall from three to eight feet deep.

GEORGE HOSMER

The Popular Oarsman, in his Racing Shell

CAPT. WM. A. ANDREWS

In his Ocean Dory, Dark Secret

NEIL SMITH'S GREAT DOG CIRCUS

SALE OF SEATS NOW OPEN

JACOBS & SHAW'S

Toronto Opera House

WEEK COMMENCING

Monday, Dec. 10

USUAL MATINEES

H. R. JACOBS' superb production of GEO. R. SIMS' peerless and picturesque play, the original and only

LIGHTS O' LONDON

With a Powerful Company of Dramatic Artists.

Magnificent New Scenic and Mechanical Effects and Properties

AND

AN UNPRECEDENTED CAST

The Mart, by Oliver, Coate & Co

ESTABLISHED 1834

CHRISTMAS SALE

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English Goods

CHINA WARE

CUTLERY, CLOCKS, BRONZES, ETC.

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MONDAY, DEC. 10

Continuing each day at 11 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. until the whole is disposed of. We are favored with instructions from

MESSRS. JAS. LYDEN & Co of Sheffield, England,

To sell without reserve one of the most extensive stocks of the above goods ever sent by them to this market.

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RESIDENCE FOR SALE

A beautiful little home on Grenville Street, ten rooms—Drawing-room, Dining-room, Smoking-room and Library, two Kitchens, four Bedrooms, elegant Bathroom; superior plumbing; drainage perfect; lot 45 feet frontage; situate 25 and 27 Grenville Street. Apply to S. DAVISON, 14 Colborne Street.

THE PAVILION

Monday Evening, December 10

ONLY

CAMPANINI OPERATIC CONCERT

A HOST OF VOCAL CELEBRITIES

Signorina CLEMENTINA DE VERE, Soprano

Miss MARIE GROEBL, Contralto

Signor DEL PUENTE, Baritone

Signor STEHLE, Tenor

Signor BOLOGNA, Basso Buffo

Signor CARBONE, Basso Buffo

AND

ITALO CAMPANINI

Conductor - - Signor FERRARI

A Select Operatic Programme, Including

GOUNOD'S FAUST 3rd ACT

To be performed in Costume and with Special and Appropriate Scenery.

Prices—75c., $1.00 and $1.50. Gallery 50c.

Sale of seats now going on at Nordheimer's.

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Under the patronage of the Hon. Sir Alex. Campbell, K. C. M. G., Lieut.-Governor of Ontario.

J. K. Kerr, President. W. Elliott Haslam, Musical Director

The First Concert

Of the season will take place at the

PAVILION, ON TUESDAY, DEC. 18

In addition to the programme of concerted pieces given by the Society, the following soloists have been engaged:

MONS. OVIDE MUSIN, The World-Renowned Violinist

MISS ANNIE LOUISE TANNER

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE

MR. EDWIN SHONERT, Pianist

The box plan opens at the piano warerooms of Messrs. Suckling & Sons, on Thursday Dec. 13, at 9:30 a.m., for subscribers only, and to the general public on and after Saturday, Dec. 15. Reserved Seats 50c and $1, Upper Gallery, 25c.

H. BOURLIER,

Hon. Sec.-Treas., cor. King and Yonge streets.

Pavilion, Thursday, Dec. 13

AT 8 P. M.

Torrington's Orchestra

SIXTY MEMBERS

JOHN HAYLEY, LEADER.

MDLLE. ADELE STRAUSS

Mezzo-Soprano.

H. M. BLIGHT, Baritone.

PAUL HAHN, Solo 'Cello.

J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE, Solo Flute.

H. L. CLARKE, Solo Cornet.

F. R. SMITH, Solo Euphonium.

MISS BLIGHT, Accompan'st.

F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director and Conductor.

Reserved Seats, 75 Cts.; Upper Gallery, 25 Cts.

Plan opens to the public at A. & S. Nordheimer's on Monday, December 10.

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Gold & Silver Finger Laces, Cords, Tassels, etc.

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Blue Basket

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7 Crown Figs

Grenoble Walnuts

Bordeaux Walnuts

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ALSO FINE ASSORTMENT

CALIFORNIA FRUITS

Apricots, Peaches,

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CITY CENSUS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A SPECIAL census of the City of Toronto will be taken on

Wednesday, December 12th, 1888

The enumerators will start in their respective districts at 8 o'clock a.m., and as the work must be accomplished in one day, it is earnestly requested that our citizens will furnish them with the necessary information asked for as promptly as possible.

The questions that will be asked by the enumerators will be for the sole purpose of enabling the Census Committee to determine the true population of Toronto.

E. KING DODDS,

Chairman Census Committee.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,

Toronto, November 23, 1888.

ROSES HOLLY AND MISTLETOE CHRISTMAS TREES

H. SLIGHT

The Leading Florist (Telephone 2280) 7 Yonge St.

FURS! FURS! FURS!

Great Bargains for Christmas. $50,000 Worth of Furs. The Whole Stock Reduced to Wholesale Prices

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Buy your Christmas Boxes now when you can get Bargains.

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SOLID WALNUT BEDROOM SUITE

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$28.00

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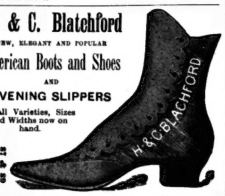

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Jamieson's prices are always right. Correspondence from those living out of the city promptly attended to.

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NOVELTIES — Piano Lamps, Easels, Brass Tables

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Odd and Quaint Chairs

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$50, $75, $90, $100, $150, $175, $200.

Persian and Astrican Mantles

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BEAR BOAS

$9, $10.50, $12, $15, $18, $21, $24.

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$6, $7.50, $9, $10.50

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CHICKERING, STEINWAY, HAINES

The superiority of these instruments both as to quality of tone and general workmanship is acknowledged by the leading artists and musical public of America and Europe.

SECOND-HAND PIANOS ranging at all prices and sold on most Liberal Terms.

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Special Close Prices for the Next Thirty Days

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Return Tickets at Fare and a Third on presentation of certificates from Principal of School.

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Our Own Make and Imported

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Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

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MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO'Y

MANUFACTURERS OF

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Unequalled in Elegance of Construction and Beauty of Finish.

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